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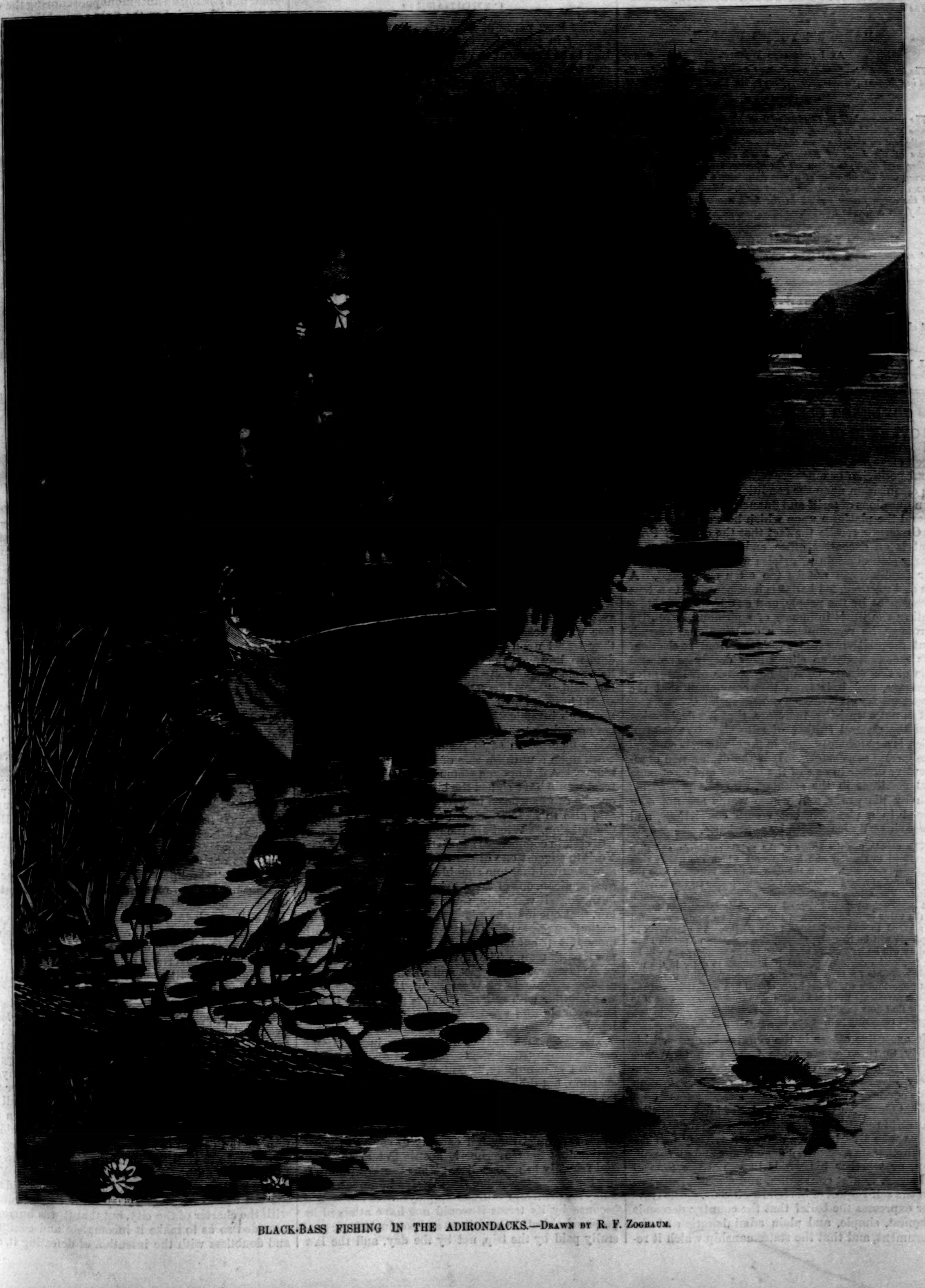

BLACK-BASS FISHING IN THE ADIRONDACKS.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, August 30, 1884.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, *and* Harper's Bazar *may be had for the years* 1881, 1882, *and* 1883. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders promptly. It is* Messrs. Harper & Brothers' *intention in future to keep the back numbers of these periodicals for three years only.*

"Harper's Young People seems to improve with every number."
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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly.

The issue of this charming periodical for August 26 *contains the first installment of a new Serial Story by* Mr. Kirk Munroe, *entitled*

"WAKULLA."

The scenes are laid in Florida, with which State Mr. Munroe *has become thoroughly familiar. The characters are a New England family bent on escaping from the chilly climate of Maine to the soft breezes of the Land of Flowers. Mark and Ruth are a merry brother and sister, to whom all the changes involved in this long journey and the planting of a new home are a delight. Spread* Young People *on your knees, young folks, and with sails unfurled and the cargo firmly packed in the hold, accompany Mark and Ruth from Maine to Florida.*

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DE FOREST'S NEW STORY.

A short Serial Story, entitled

"THE BLACK HUNTSMAN,"

by J. W. De Forest, *will be begun in* Harper's Bazar *for September* 20.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND'S LETTER.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND'S letter of acceptance is very characteristic. It is the letter of a plain, direct, clear-headed, honest man, and not of a professional politician or office-seeker. It is not an elaborate disquisition upon the condition of the country or upon questions of tariff and finance; but accepting in general the platform upon which he was nominated, the Governor recalls the fact that the office of President is an executive office, and then strongly and clearly states certain principles which, he says, however familiar, can not be too often considered. A free and uncorrupted ballot is indispensable to a true government by the people, and as one means of preventing the illicit influence of enormous Executive patronage, he recommends a constitutional amendment disqualifying the President from re-election. This recommendation shows how deeply persuaded he is of the vitally corrupting power of Executive patronage, and it is from this conviction that the movement for civil service reform springs.

It is not surprising, therefore, that his declaration upon the general subject of administrative reform, which is a paramount issue in the election, is comprehensive and satisfactory. It is the declaration of an executive officer in one of the highest and most powerful positions in the country, who has proved his faith by his works, and whose words are not conformed to a platform, but record convictions, and whose sincerity is attested by experience.

> "The people pay the wages of the public employés, and they are entitled to the fair and honest work which the money thus paid should command. It is the duty of those intrusted with the management of their affairs to see that such public service is forthcoming. The selection and retention of subordinates in government employment should depend upon their ascertained fitness and the value of their work, and they should be neither expected nor allowed to do questionable party service. The interests of the people will be better protected, the estimate of public labor and duty will be immensely improved, public employment will be open to all who can demonstrate their fitness to enter it, the unseemly scramble for place under the government, with the consequent importunity which imbitters official life, will cease, and the public departments will not be filled with those who conceive it to be their first duty to aid the party to which they owe their places, instead of rendering patient and honest return to the people."

No executive officer in the country has proved his fidelity to these views more fully than Governor Cleveland, and no candidate has ever more completely justified his declarations before the election by his conduct in office.

What Governor Cleveland says of labor is worthy the careful reflection of all intelligent and industrious citizens who live by their daily toil. They will decide whether he speaks as a demagogue and mere politician, or whether his words have not the tone of good sense, honest conviction, and a manly reliance upon the self-respect of his fellow-citizens. The Governor expresses the belief that the country demands an honest, simple, and plain administration of the government, and that the statesmanship which it requires "consists in honesty and frugality, a prompt response to the needs of the people as they arise, and the vigilant protection of all their varied interests." Certainly if this is not the desire of the country, it will not elect Governor Cleveland to the Presidency. In fine, the singular merit of his letter is that declarations which from most candidates would be received as formal phrases and hollow promises are accepted from him as truths which he believes, and which he will firmly and courageously carry out. His honest and fearless administration has so impressed the country that his letter has the extraordinary distinction among all such letters of being accepted by everybody who reads it as an honest statement of his views and purposes.

WHO IS "THE WORKING-MAN'S CANDIDATE?"

The long paper of General Butler, addressed to nobody in particular, and advising those who wish him to be President to "fuse" upon the electoral ticket "with the supposed minority"—a wholly impracticable scheme—is a manifesto of declarations upon many public questions, and an attempt to represent himself as the natural candidate of a "People's Party," and as an "anti-monopolist" and especial "friend of the working-man." It is in this latter capacity that, after his council with noted Blaine partisans, he appears as a candidate to draw away votes from that alleged tool of monopolies and enemy of laboring-men, Governor Cleveland.

This is merely a part of the campaign "gag." Let any "working-man" who reads these lines ask himself in what way General Butler has shown himself to be a truer friend of working-men than Governor Cleveland, or whether Governor Cleveland has ever done anything to justify the charge that he is the tool of corporations. The laws which protect property are made for the man who owns little as well as for the man who owns much, and when the Governor takes an oath to execute and enforce the laws, it is an oath to defend the just property rights of all citizens, whether they own only the small house in which they live and the wages which they receive, or whether they own great estates and many shares in railroad or manufacturing property. And as the Governor is bound to execute the laws when enacted, without fear or favor of classes or interests, so he is bound, as a part of the enacting or legislative authority, not to approve bills which are intended unequally to favor classes or interests.

Has Governor Cleveland failed in either branch of this duty? It is said that he vetoed the five-cent railroad fare bill. But the charter says that no such bill shall be passed until it is ascertained that the roads are earning more than a certain amount of money upon the capital invested, and no such fact was shown. Indeed, the last public examination showed that they were not earning the stipulated amount. This made it the duty of the Governor to veto the bill. But the veto did not affect the "working-people," because the fare was already five cents during the hours when they travel upon the elevated roads. Even had it done so, however, the Governor's duty was clear, and he would undoubtedly have done his duty, and every honorable "working-man" who believes in fair play would have commended him. Moreover, a later and thorough investigation by the Railroad Commissioners proved that the elevated roads could not be properly supported so as to insure safe and responsible work upon a uniform rate of five cents for each passenger. A demagogue whom no sensible man would trust would have signed the bill. An honest Governor who can be trusted by every man vetoed it. He is said also to have appointed a "monopoly" Railroad Commission. What are the facts? The law authorized certain commercial associations in the city of New York to suggest one of the three Commissioners. It also required that one should be a Democrat and one a Republican, one of them to be familiar with railroad business. It was plain, too, upon examination of the law, that one must be a lawyer. The New York associations suggested Mr. O'Donnell, who was an "anti-monopolist," but not a lawyer, nor "a railroad man," nor a party man. The Governor nominated a Democratic lawyer, Mr. Kernan, and a Republican civil engineer, a graduate of West Point, Mr. Rogers, who was familiar with railroads. It is not denied that it is a capable and excellent commission, nor is it alleged that it has served the monopolies.

The Superintendent of Public Works, including the canals, appointed by the Governor, is also said to be "a tool of monopoly." This is a vague general accusation, but the testimony is general that the Superintendent is a singularly efficient officer, who was selected for his special qualifications and not by political influence. These accusations are all in the air, and when examined they fail entirely to support the assertion that the Governor is hostile to laboring-men and friendly to monopolies. Thus the bill prohibiting the exaction of more than twelve hours labor for a day's work from railroad employés was not signed because by its terms it would not have attained its proposed object. Car drivers and conductors are generally paid by the trip, not by the day, and the law would have been at once and effectively evaded. It was a crude, careless, and ill-considered act, designed as a piece of buncombe, and, as all such laws, ought not to be placed upon the statute-book; the Governor, so far as depends upon him, takes care that they shall not be placed there. This is the kind of argument which is urged to show that Governor Cleveland is not a friend of the "working-man." If this argument is utterly worthless, what evidence have the "working-men" that General Butler is peculiarly their friend? Talk about his "brains," his eminent talents, and his sympathy with "the masses" will hardly avail unless "the masses" are as ignorant and gullible as he and his friends evidently believe them to be. Mr. Simon Sterne, an acute lawyer, the counsel of the anti-monopoly interest, and a conspicuous anti-monopolist, says of General Butler: "I never knew of his being an anti-monopolist during the whole of the time I carried on the fight against the encroachments of the railroad corporations of the State, and during all the time I urged the appointment of a national commission to curb the power of the railroad corporations, and to limit political influence and prevent them from exercising ruinous discrimination as to individuals and other corporations. He became prominent as an anti-monopolist when anti-monopoly became a growing sentiment." Mr. Sterne adds, in reply to the question why, as an anti-monopolist, he did not support Butler: "Because the Convention which nominated him was not a representative Anti-monopoly Convention. Secondly, he is not an anti-monopolist candidate in good faith. His candidature at this juncture tends to aid in the election of the worst of monopolists, James G. Blaine—a man who, during twenty years of political life, has done all in his power to build up monopolist organizations, the extension of which has made it necessary to call into existence the anti-monopoly party in order to curb the dangers which flow from this overshadowing power. The Butler candidature, therefore, is a mere capture of the anti-monopoly organization to strengthen his own individual claims for recognition at Chicago, and to give him a prominence out of all proportion to his personal merits. General Butler came out of the war, upon the salary of a brigadier, a rich man. He largely increased his wealth during his various terms in Congress, and he did so by methods which are antagonistic to the principles of the anti-monopoly party. There is no reason why the anti-monopolists should support his claims to the Presidency."

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND AND MR. HUBERT O. THOMPSON.

A desperate attempt has been made to show that Governor Cleveland has some kind of understanding with Hubert O. Thompson, the Commissioner of Public Works, and that despite the charges against Mr. Thompson, the Governor has retained him because of his devotion to the Governor's political interests. This is also alleged to be the reason that the Governor did not sign the tenure-of-office act. The truth about all this matter has been often and conclusively told. But as the opponents of the Governor carefully conceal the facts, it is necessary constantly to repeat them. The Commissioner of Public Works can be removed by the Governor only as the final resort, after charges lawfully presented and examined. Such charges have not yet been presented, and the Governor has not been called upon to act, and consequently has not failed or refused to act.

The tenure-of-office act was understood to be directed against Mr. Thompson. But the Governor's refusal to sign it was fully explained and completely justified by him in the memorandum of June 14, 1884, which he filed with his approval of the Register's bill, after that bill had been recalled and amended in accordance with his suggestions. The Governor points out that the bill which was aimed at Mr. Thompson "absolutely makes no provision for the appointment of any officer or head of department after the immediate successors of those now in office." The bill provided that the next Mayor could appoint successors only to such officers as might be appointed by the present Mayor during the remainder of his term, and the Governor truly said that "the evident intention of the bill would be entirely defeated if the Mayor now in office should allow the present incumbents to hold over till the expiration of their terms, instead of appointing others in their places." Moreover, as the Governor showed, the bill provided for two limitations of terms for the appointees of the next Mayor, and the inaccuracy of the wording drops the word "officers" from one of the limitations. Any one who reads the act as submitted to the Governor will understand the reason of his remark that "of all the defective and shabby legislation which has been presented to me, this is the worst." Upon the publication of the Governor's reasons for withholding his signature to the bill, Mr. Francis M. Scott, who was virtually its author, wrote a letter to the New York *Times* justifying the Governor's action. He said that the bill as drawn was entirely clear and consistent with the charter of the city, but that it was hurriedly amended so as to make it incomplete and confused, and doubtless with the intention of defeating it, and

Mr. Scott agreed with the Governor that it was unfit to be placed upon the statute-book.

Mr. Scott says, very truly, "It is easy for those who seek grounds for the abuse of the Governor to say that he should have trusted to the next Legislature to cure any defects that he might discover in the bill; but it is clear that no careful and conscientious Executive should knowingly assent to a radically defective bill simply because he hopes that a Legislature not yet elected will see the defects and consent then to rectify them." The Governor's action in this matter, as in his other official conduct, shows the truth of his remark in a private letter to his brother, written upon the day that he was elected Governor—a letter which was given to the Rev. Dr. Twining, of the *Independent*. In view of his probable election he says to his brother: "I will tell you, first of all others, the policy I intend to adopt, and that is, to make the matter a business engagement between the people of the State and myself, in which the obligation on my side is to perform the duties assigned me with an eye single to the interest of my employers. I shall have no idea of re-election or of any higher political preferment in my head, but be very thankful and happy if I can well serve one term as the people's Governor." There was never an honester purpose more honestly fulfilled than by Governor Cleveland since his election, and never were attacks upon official integrity more futile than those which have been levelled at him.

BIDDING FOR "FOREIGN" VOTES.

Mr. Blaine has been presented as a peculiarly "American" candidate, who, as one earnest advocate declared, "will make Bismarck eat American pork." But Mr. Blaine's ally, General Butler, has been bidding for the "Irish vote" in a manner which must disgust every intelligent Irishman, as it does every true American. A demagogue always despises the people, and therefore he underrates their intelligence. In his recent speech to the Irish Convention in Boston, General Butler's contempt for his audience was as evident as his purpose to make them believe that if he were President it would go hard with England in Ireland. "In the face of high Heaven," he said, according to the report, "the glorious banner of liberty will fly nearer the coast of England than ever yet, if she undertakes to take the life wrongfully of any citizen of America, when we have an American government ready to stand by the rights of American citizens anywhere on earth." If this is not mere twaddle, it is an insinuation that England has undertaken to take the life wrongfully of some American citizen, and that the government has not defended him. Of course such an insinuation is totally unfounded.

General Butler proceeded to say that if the United States should send an Irishman as Minister to England, the interests of Irishmen would be looked after, and then added that "some Executive might be found who would do such a thing." Who such an Executive might be he did not say. He left it to the sagacious guess of his hearers. The candidate who electioneers for himself in this way is commended to the country as a statesman, and he solicits votes in order to divert them from one of the least demagogical of public men, and one of the most vigorous, upright, and efficient of executive officers.

The object sought by the country at this election is not a swaggering foreign policy, nor a distribution of the surplus revenue among the States, nor a profuse, extravagant, and "splendid" administration, nor any kind of demagoguery or bluster whatever. It asks an honest, able, and courageous conduct of public affairs, beyond the reach of any suspicion of illicit private influence or interest. Unless all signs are at fault, it desires at the head of the government the very qualities which Governor Cleveland has shown so conspicuously, and which Mr. Blaine and General Butler have not displayed. Those who suppose that because Governor Cleveland does not swagger or "bid for votes" he would be less vigorous in protecting the lawful rights of citizens abroad than those of citizens at home are exceedingly mistaken. It is because he does not bluster that he may be trusted to do what Captain Bobadils would not do. In his speech at Buffalo in 1882 he said:

> "We do not claim to make laws for other countries, but we do insist that whatever those laws may be they shall, in the interests of human freedom and the rights of mankind, so far as they involve the liberty of our citizens, be speedily administered. We have a right to say, and do say, that mere suspicion, without examination or trial, is not sufficient to justify the long imprisonment of a citizen of America. Other nations may permit their citizens to be thus imprisoned. Ours will not. And this, in effect, has been solemnly declared by statute."

This is quite as satisfactory as the most truculent rhetoric.

THE SARATOGA MONUMENT.

At the late annual meeting of the trustees of the Saratoga Monument Association, Mr. William L. Stone, chairman of the Committee on Design, presented a very interesting report of the transactions of the year and the progress of the work. The designs for the statues of Generals Gates, Schuyler, and Morgan have been accepted, and one niche will be left vacant to signify the treason of Arnold. The walls of the five stories of the monument are to be covered with bass-reliefs, and memorial tablets are to be placed upon the most interesting spots upon the field of operations, as at Freeman's farm, where the first battle of Saratoga was fought, the extreme outpost of the American intrenchments, the spot where General Frazer fell, etc. Seven of these tablets are already erected.

A committee of the trustees, Mr. Starin, Mr. A. S. Sullivan, and Mr. D. S. Potter, appeared before the joint Congressional Library Committee in February, and Mr. Sullivan in an eloquent speech urged the propriety of an appropriation to complete the monument. The committee unanimously reported a bill appropriating $40,000, which passed the Senate on the 1st of May without a dissenting vote. It was also reported to the House, but it was impossible to reach it in order, and it went over to the next session, with no reasonable doubt of its passage.

The monument itself, as completed, has cost $65,000, of which the State of New York and individual subscriptions have furnished $35,000, and Congress, by the efforts of Mr. Starin when a member, $30,000. The further cost will be that of statues, bass-reliefs, tablets, staircases, etc., which will be made up in the same way. It is the most important Revolutionary monument in New York, and one of the most important in the country, and when completed it will be largely due to the efforts of ex-Governor Seymour, Mr. Marvin, Mr. Starin, Mr. Sullivan, and a few other earnest and devoted gentlemen, among whom no one has been more untiring in his interest and devotion than the secretary, Mr. William L. Stone.

A TYPICAL BLAINE ORGAN.

The most furious and unscrupulous of the Blaine journals in 1884 is the Chicago *Tribune*. In 1876 it opposed Mr. Blaine's nomination with similar zeal. Its editor, Mr. Joseph Medill, applied, with others, directly to Mr. Blaine for an explanation of charges which Mr. Medill had brought against him. After a month had elapsed Mr. Medill said that if Mr. Blaine had made an explanation, he (Mr. Medill) had not heard of it.

Apparently the courteous private request to Mr. Blaine for an explanation was never answered by him. But eight years afterward Mr. Medill's *Tribune* remarks that if any confidential friend of Mr. Blaine's had then explained his railway transactions as Mr. William Walter Phelps now explains them, the *Tribune* would have been satisfied. Yet if Mr. Blaine's friend can explain the matter now, Mr. Blaine could have explained it then. The Chicago *Tribune* wisely forbears to try to say why Mr. Blaine did not attempt to explain then.

We quote a passage to show the manner in which the Chicago *Tribune* then described Mr. Blaine, and if its information and its inferences upon the subject at that time were so loose and uncertain that they are removed by Mr. Phelps's letter, its fury against Mr. Blaine's nomination then was as hollow and insincere as its fury for his election now:

> ". . . .The man [Blaine] who had voted for or failed to oppose every subsidy of either land or money asked for while he was in Congress. They knew him as a lobbyist before he entered Congress, seeking contracts for the supply of arms. They knew him while in Congress and while Speaker as the inside friend of wildcat corporations, ruling as Speaker to save their bills, and as claiming reward for his official action; as engaged in selling the worthless bonds of such corporations, receiving large gratuities therefor, as confessed in his letters; and finally, when pecuniarily involved, getting the Pacific Railroad Company, as it seems almost certain, to give him $64,000 cash for what was not worth 64,000 cents. Is this the record of a reformer—of a man to purify the administration and to raise the standard of political and official morality?"

A NOTABLE LETTER.

The letter of General Crook to Mr. Herbert Welsh, of Philadelphia, President of the Indian Aid Association, which will be found in another part of this paper, is an exceedingly valuable and interesting report upon the Apaches, who are considered one of the most dangerous of the warlike Indian tribes. As an authority upon the Indian question, which is at last exciting general attention, General Crook has no superior. In the hands of men like him the national honor and the welfare of the Indian would be equally safe.

In the general public indifference and impatience of the Indian which prevailed a few years ago, and which produced the familiar remark, attributed to the army, that the only good Indian is a dead Indian, the Indian question threatened to become our Irish question, and our treatment of the Indians to be as discreditable to us as the last century's policy of England toward Ireland to the English name. But the disgrace has been averted by the disinterested efforts of a few humane and patriotic persons who have steadily appealed to public opinion and to the public conscience until they have responded.

One of the chief auxiliaries in this good work has been the fidelity of certain eminent army officers, among whom General Crook is conspicuous, who have held that the Indians ought not to be treated as vermin, and that to spend a million of dollars to kill a man who could easily, with proper care and a true sense of humanity and honor, be made a good citizen, was exceedingly stupid as well as wrong. The report of Mr. Dawes's committee, and of Mr. Welsh and his companions, who are in the habit of personally visiting the Indians and proving to them that there are white men who are truly friendly, the steady and wise friendship of soldiers like General Crook, and the Indian schools like those of Hampton Roads and Carlisle, are enabling us to settle a grave question, and to keep our national name unsullied.

MR. LEA AND THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

The Philadelphia *Press* recently charged Mr. Henry C. Lea with inconsistency in attending the Independent Conference after having said last October that permanent improvement in political methods was to be expected only from the Republican party, provided that party can be kept in the groove into which it has been forced, and be constrained to carry out the reforms which it has commenced.

To this criticism Mr. Lea promptly responded as follows:

> "It so happens that I did not attend the Conference, but this is of no importance, as I am heartily in sympathy with the movement which it represents, and have done what little I could do to stimulate it. In this there is no inconsistency. The party has not been 'kept in the groove into which it has been forced,' but has defiantly insulted all friends of 'improved political methods' by nominating two men notorious as machine politicians of the worst type—Mr. Blaine, for twenty years 'boss' of Maine, who, when Speaker, proclaimed his contempt for civil service reform by placing General Butler on the committee in charge of that measure, and General Logan, the 'boss' of Illinois. Not till you gather grapes from thistles may you expect 'improved political methods' from such men, and no civil service reformer can consistently support them in opposition to Governor Cleveland, who has so efficiently aided the reform in New York.
>
> "Much as I prize consistency, moreover, I confess I would, if necessary, sacrifice it to avert from the country the danger and disgrace to be expected if Mr. Blaine should for four years have control of our foreign relations, with unlimited opportunity of renewing the 'sky-rockety' diplomacy which rendered his brief tenure of the State Department a warning to be heeded of all men. Even if not involved in war, we should probably be left without a friend among the nations, and without the satisfaction of feeling that we were in the right in a single quarrel. It will be an evil day for the republic if the American people should heedlessly express its approval of Mr. Blaine's course on the Landreau claim by electing him to its highest office. Besides all this, the authorship of the Mulligan letters ought to be sufficient to render any man ineligible to the Presidency."

It would be difficult for any Blaine organ to dispose of Mr. Lea as a "sorehead," or to suggest his personal hatred of Mr. Blaine.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Henry Villard, who left for Europe on the 20th of August with his wife and four children, is by no means a poor man. He is not worth the eight millions he was a few months ago, but he could easily turn the scales at half a million. His friends are proud to say that the loss of the bulk of his fortune was due to his efforts to sustain the stocks in which so many of them had invested because of their implicit confidence in him. During Mr. Villard's recent visit to Germany—he was gone only eight weeks—he was earnestly requested by a number of German capitalists to take charge of various investments of theirs in this country, and to make other investments besides. But as Mr. Villard desires rest, he refused to entertain the proposition. His age is forty-eight, and his magnificent organizing gifts are in their prime. No one who knows Mr. Villard supposes that he will long be laid on the shelf.

—Miss Clara Louise Kellogg is one of the brightest of the late converts to the supposed superior staying power of English opera. Italian and German opera, she opines, have had their day. For herself, she will have no more of them. Her late trip to Europe gave her an exalted conviction of the immense popularity of Americans abroad, especially of American girls and American drinks. Two Englishmen overheard her conversation one day in London. "What a delicious American accent!" said one of them.

—It is not true that the relations between Mr. Carl Schurz and Mr. Henry Villard have been strained since the latter's reverses. The ex-Senator and ex-Railway King are on the best of terms, and among the friends who bade Mr. Villard good-by on board the Bremen steamer *Eider* was Mr. Schurz.

—Patti's contract with Colonel Mapleson for the next operatic season in this country insures to Americans another hearing of the most perfectly constructed and best trained female voice in existence. It looks now as though Patti would be better appreciated next winter than ever before.

—The women whose photographs sell best in England are the Princess of Wales, Miss Mary Anderson, and Mrs. Langtry. We learn that Miss Anderson's face is considered to be a "classic oval."

—Mlle. Feighnine is a Nihilist who about four years ago, at the age of sixteen, was exiled to Siberia. She staid there two years, and then escaped with her infant child. It took her eighteen months to beg her way on foot to St. Petersburg. There she became implicated in a second conspiracy, for which she will soon be tried again, and either hanged or sent back to Siberia.

—The most patriotic florist in this city was the late Mr. George W. Wilson, who for fourteen years decorated the Lincoln statue in Union Square on Decoration-day at his own expense. His last work on that memorial was particularly elaborate and beautiful, but it was not generally known that he had done it until his death a few days ago.

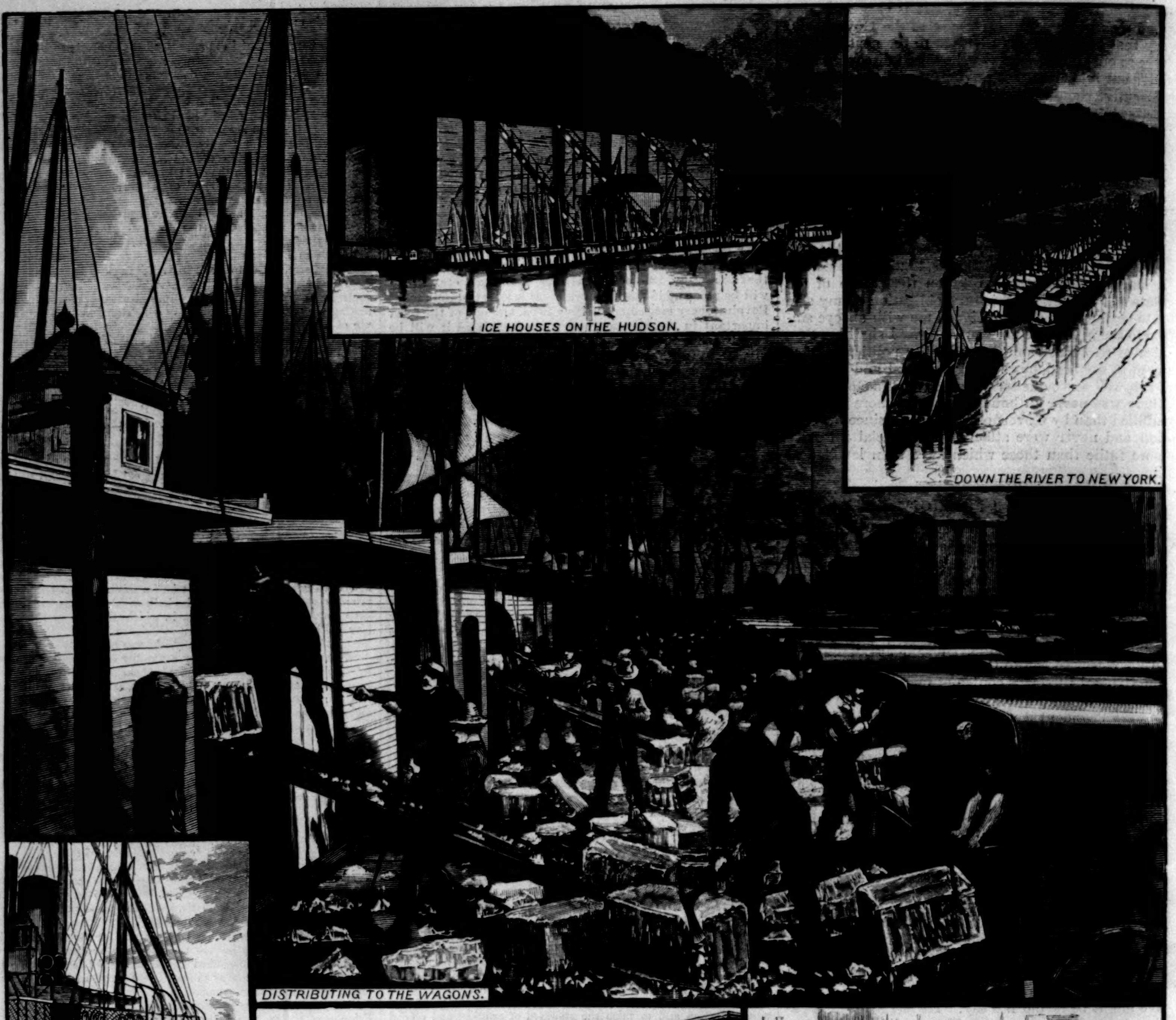
—The Sultan of Morocco is a cruel and inhuman despot. He receives all sorts of bribes in administering justice—or injustice—and orders the most dreadful mutilations to be inflicted in his presence as judicial punishments. There is no appeal from his decisions, and if objectionable persons do not confess their alleged crimes fast or fully enough, he slowly roasts their bodies, or pinches and stretches them.

—It was Commander Schley who, near the top of the foremast of his vessel, discovered Starvation Camp, where Greely and his men lay dying or dead—the brow of a bleak, bare, rocky hill of ice. The vigilant commander had been in that position many days and nights before finding the object of his search.

—Commodore James Gordon Bennett has done so much as a public-spirited citizen of Newport that the serenade recently given him at that delightful sea-side resort was only a recognition of his generous services. It was Mr. Bennett, more than any other man, who breathed into the Newport Casino the breath of life, and there has been no important municipal or social scheme for the advantage of the town in which he has not figured as the initiator or the principal promoter.

—The Emperor of Germany recently held his annual meeting with the Emperor of Austria at a German watering-place. As usual, the two lofty personages kissed and embraced each other publicly with absolutely uncontrolled emotion. At dinner Wilhelm I. was escorted to a seat between Francis Joseph and Francis Joseph's imperial spouse, the table being decorated with his favorite corn-flowers.

—Some ladies about to be married (writes a clergyman) have an unconquerable reluctance to use the word "obey." One or two, if their own statements are to be accepted, have ingeniously constructed the term "be gay." On one occasion the minister suggested that if the bride was unwilling to utter the obnoxious word aloud, she might whisper it to him. She positively refused, but afterward consented when he had been forced to dismiss the witnesses without proceeding any farther. A charming young wife once boasted that she could not remember a word of what she had promised when she was married, as she was "in a perfect daze" during the ceremony. She added that, after protracted inquiry among her married friends, she had not found one whose experience in this respect was different from her own.



ICE HOUSES ON THE HUDSON.

DOWN THE RIVER TO NEW YORK.

DISTRIBUTING TO THE WAGONS.

SUPPLYING AN OCEAN STEAMER.

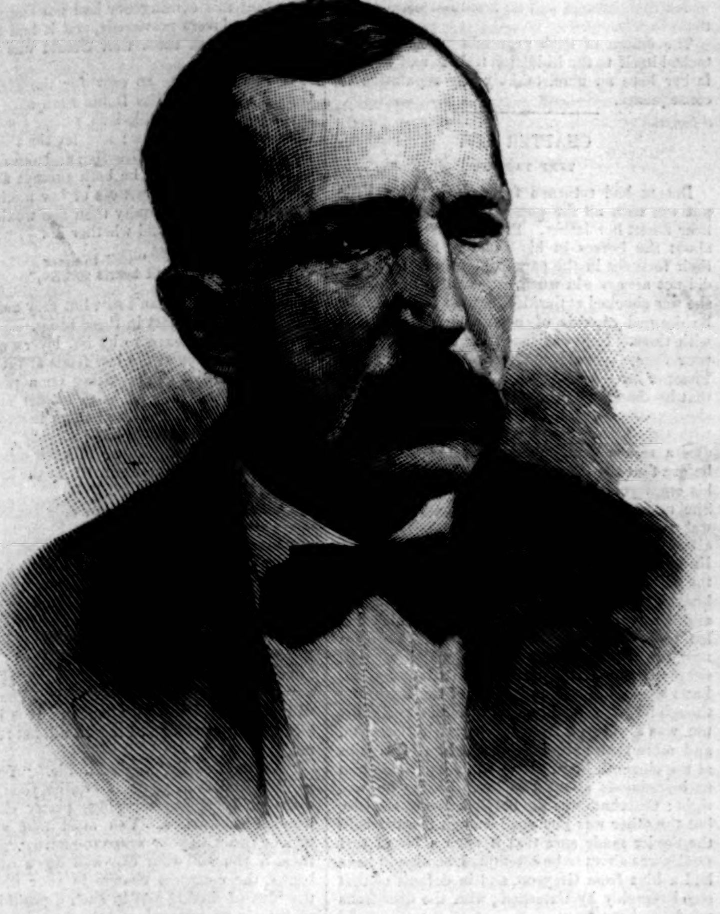
WEIGHING A LOAD.

SMALL CUSTOMERS.

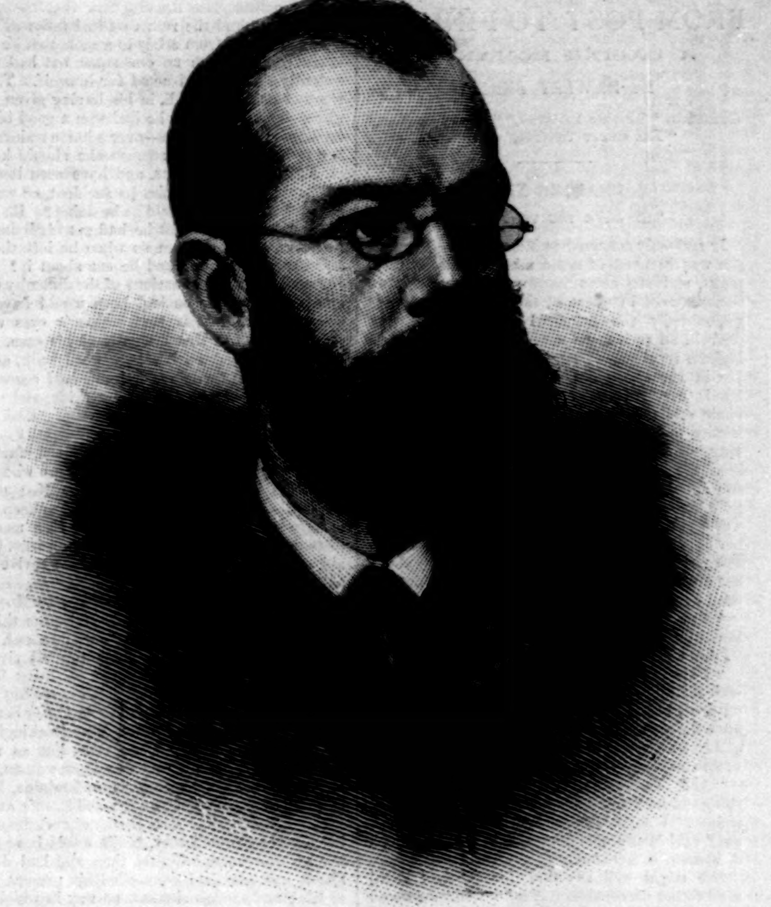
DELIVERING UP TOWN.

FILLING A CELLAR.

THE ICE INDUSTRY OF NEW YORK.—Drawn by F. Ray.—[See Page 565.]



THE HON. HENRY B. HARRISON.—Photographed by Moulthorpe.



ROBERT KOCH, M.D.—Photographed by Loescher & Petsch, Berlin.—[See Page 569.]

ROUND THE WORLD ON A BICYCLE.

On this page we give the portrait of Mr. Thomas Stevens, who started from San Francisco, California, April 22, with the avowed intention of riding around the world (barring the oceans) on his bicycle. He was born at Great Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire, England, December 24, 1854. Emigrating to the far West in 1871, he has not been east of the Mississippi until he started out on his famous bicycle ride across the continent. Seven men have within the last three years attemped the same feat, but the great difficulties encountered in crossing the 1500 miles of rocky mountain, barren deserts, and bridgeless streams between California and the Missouri River have invariably turned them back.

More than one-third of the route followed by Mr. Stevens had to be walked. Eighty three and a half days of actual travel and twenty days stoppage for wet weather, etc., made one hundred and three and a half days occupied in reaching Boston, the distance by wagon-road being about 3700 miles. He followed the old California trail most of the way across the plains and mountains, astonishing the Indians, and meeting with many strange adventures. Mr. Stevens reached Boston August 4, and is now in New York, where he hopes to make arrangements which will enable him to complete the journey around the globe, through England, France, Germany, Austria, and Turkey, thence through Asia to the Pacific.

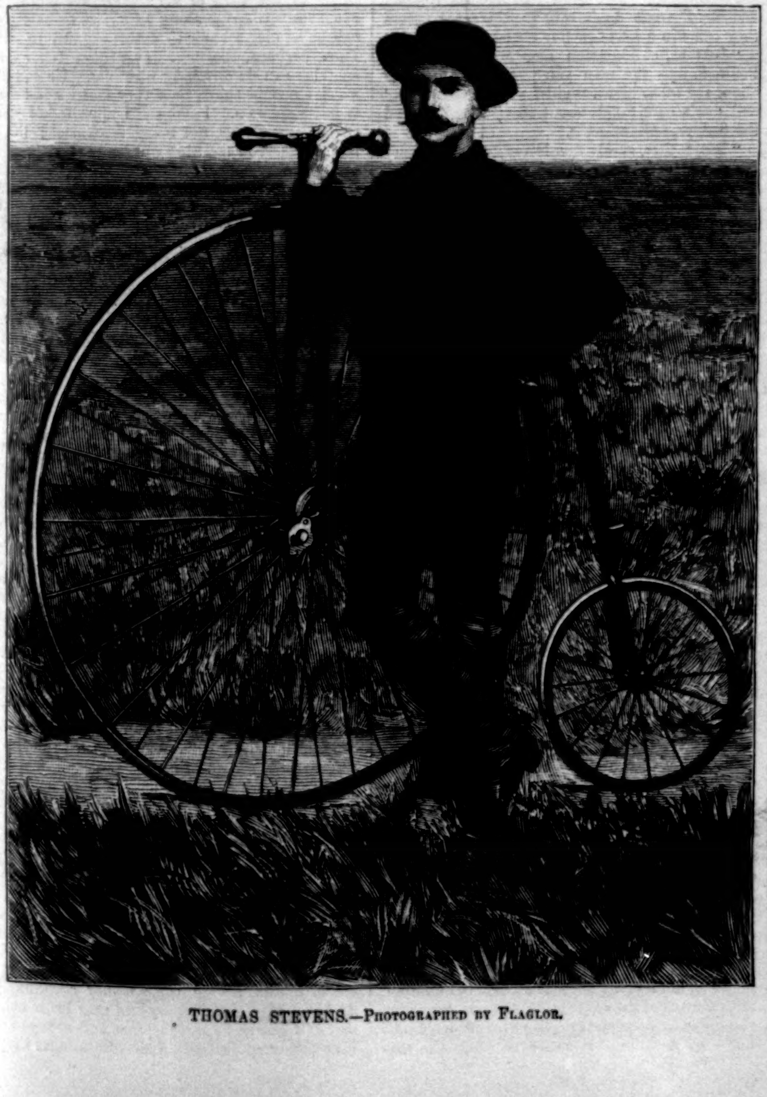
A LONG AND USEFUL LIFE.

The Rev. John Brown, D.D., died at Newburgh, New York, on the 15th inst., at the great age of ninety-three. It is said that he was the oldest clergyman of the Episcopal Church in this State, and he is thought to have been the oldest Freemason in the country.

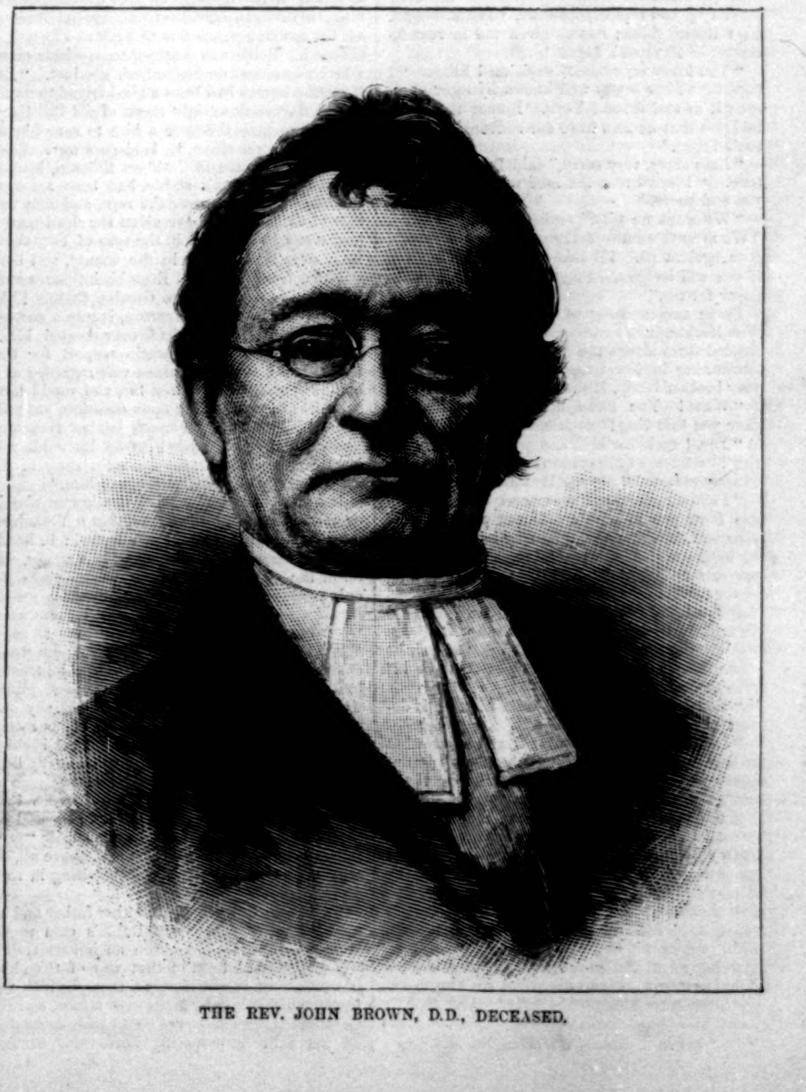
Dr. Brown was born in New York city on the 19th of May, 1791. In 1811 he graduated at Columbia College, studied theology under Bishop Hobart, and was ordained deacon in St. Paul's Chapel, New York, in 1812. In 1815 he was installed rector of St. George's Church, Newburgh, where he remained until 1859 without an assistant, and did an immense work in organizing and reviving churches throughout neighboring counties. He was initiated a Freemason on June 16, 1817, in Hiram Lodge, Newburgh. At a reception tendered to General Lafayette during his visit to America, in 1825, by the Freemasons of Newburgh, at Washington's Head-quarters, Dr. Brown delivered the address of welcome. He has since held office in the Masonic order.

THE HON. HENRY B. HARRISON.

Mr. Harrison, of New Haven, whom the Connecticut Republicans have nominated as their candidate for Governor, is a lawyer of high standing. He has been an active and influential member of the party since its organization in 1856, and has served several years in the State Legislature. His name is associated with many important measures of State legislation, and he has been frequently mentioned as a candidate for the Governorship. In 1866 he could have had the nomination, but withdrew in favor of General Hawley.



THOMAS STEVENS.—Photographed by Flaglor.



THE REV. JOHN BROWN, D.D., DECEASED.

FROM POST TO FINISH.*

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

Author of "Breezie Langton," "Bound to Win," "The Great Tontine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

"HE GAVE YOU THAT RING."

It suddenly occurred to Miss Rockingham that she was in need of some minor feminine trappings, and she accordingly wended her way to Coney Street in quest of them. Greyson's was undoubtedly the principal establishment that dealt in all such articles, and thither Miss Rockingham repaired. There were a good many people in the shop, and the attendants had their hands pretty full. Miss Rockingham took a chair and quietly waited till some one was at leisure to attend to her. She had not to wait long, for a trim, auburn-haired damsel glided behind the counter, and demurely inquired "what she should show the lady." Miss Rockingham gave her orders, and then glanced at the girl who was serving her. She was somewhat struck with her appearance, and still more with her manner. The girl gave the idea of being considerably above her station, and Ellen wondered she had not noticed her before.

"Have you been here long?" inquired Miss Rockingham, as she turned over a box of gloves. "I don't think you ever served me before."

"I am not often in the shop," replied Dollie, with the slightest possible elevation of the head; "I don't belong to it. Though, when I am staying with my uncle, and they are busy, as they are to-day, I often run in and help. Are those gloves at all the shade you require?"

"Ah! You're a niece of Mr. Greyson's. Why, you must be Dollie Greyson, the daughter of the trainer. I have heard people talk of your riding," said Miss Rockingham, with a slight touch of hauteur in her tones.

She might well say that, for she had heard her brother be considerably more enthusiastic on the subject of Dollie's riding than she conceived was at all necessary. She had said nothing about it, but had mentally pronounced Dollie a forward minx, and wondered whether Gerald was likely to make a fool of himself about the girl, and Miss Rockingham was fain to admit that Dollie was pretty enough to turn the head of an older man than her brother. She knew, moreover, that riding men were always fascinated by a good horsewoman, and as these thoughts shot through her mind, Miss Rockingham's eye fell upon the ring which sparkled on the third finger of Dollie's little hand.

"A souvenir of Phaeton's Leger, I presume," remarked Ellen, a little sharply. "I hear, Miss Greyson, that your father won a great deal of money over it."

The blood rushed to the girl's face as Ellen lightly touched the tell-tale ring; and Miss Rockingham, as she marked it, remembered in an instant that Gerald had won some money over the race, and came to a rapid conclusion as to whose gift the souvenir was.

It was but a second or two before Dollie drew herself up and replied, defiantly, "You are right, Miss Rockingham; it was given me in remembrance of Phaeton's Leger."

"You know my name!" exclaimed Ellen. "I suppose we *are* pretty well known by sight, at all events, in and around York. Rumor may have told you that we also have our souvenir of Phaeton's Leger."

"I am sorry, very sorry," said Dollie, in a low tone. "I heard that the race was disastrous to you and yours."

"We want no pity," replied Ellen, haughtily. "We are not wont to make moan when the world goes against us. I'll take these, Miss Greyson, if you will be good enough to twist them up in paper for me."

Dollie said nothing as she deftly packed up Miss Rockingham's trifling purchases; but as she handed them across the counter could not resist murmuring in low tones, "Have you heard of your brother lately, Miss Rockingham?"

"What! You know him! It was he who gave you that ring!" exclaimed Ellen, quickly.

"Yes, I do know him, and he did give me this ring!" returned Dollie, and raising her long-lashed gray eyes boldly to her interlocutor's face.

"I should advise you not to accept such courtesies from one in such a different position from your own, however young he may be. You must be aware it can mean nothing. You will find yourself talked about in a way most irritating to your self-esteem if you are not careful."

Dollie could stand this assumption of immense superiority no longer. "Your brother has been very kind to me," she said, "but I don't think he sets quite so high a value as you do upon his present position."

"You have seen him, and know what he is doing?" interrupted Ellen, eagerly.

"I saw him a few days back, and know what he is doing," returned Dollie, sententiously; "but further than that he is well, I am at liberty to tell you nothing."

Miss Rockingham bent her head haughtily, and swept out of the shop. Anxious as she was to know what her brother was doing, she would not stoop to beg information on that point from the trainer's daughter. She felt indignant that this girl should be the *confidante* of her brother's plans, while his mother and sister did not even know where he was. What could Gerald be thinking of, taking a chit of a girl of this class as his adviser? If she could but see him to expostulate with him on his folly! And then it flashed across Miss Rockingham that their father's death and the ruin that had followed had changed Gerald from a boy to a man, that he had taken counsel from no one since, but had persistently thought and acted for himself. There was not much, after all, in his having given this girl a ring, considering he had won a good bit of money—that is, for him—over a horse trained by her father, but it was strange she should know all about his movements, and have seen him so lately. Had she met him by accident, or was it design? And what could he be doing? He had recognized the fact that he had got his living to earn—he had told them so when he left them; and in what manner had he set about it? No one could be more conscious of the difficulty that one brought up as he had been would have in doing so. And Miss Rockingham's eyes were quite as open to that difficulty as his own. In vain she puzzled, on her homeward walk, as to what he might be doing, and now half regretted that she had not swallowed her pride, and tried to learn more from Dollie Greyson. Had she better tell her mother what she had heard? But then there was so very little to tell, further than that she had been told by a person who had seen him lately that he was well. No; upon the whole, Ellen Rockingham decided to keep this meagre bit of news to herself. Her mother fretted quite enough about not hearing from Gerald as it was, and it was better not to revive the subject.

Dollie had come down from Riddleton Moor to procure some books and music and other things not obtainable nearer than York; indeed, the Greysons paid periodical visits to that city to purchase all those articles which the home farm failed to produce, and upon such occasions put up invariably at John Greyson's in Coney Street. Dollie had, of course, known Miss Rockingham perfectly by sight for some time, but as that young lady, though a very fair horsewoman, set her face against hunting as unfeminine, Miss Greyson had never before attracted Ellen's attention. However, had Miss Rockingham's manner been ever so conciliatory, Dollie would have told her no more about Gerald than she had done. She it was who had counselled his present line of life; and though she saw no way in which he was more likely to make money, and though her father's praises of "Jim Forrest" showed her judgment to have been sound on this point, still she rather felt the position in which her lover was now placed: between the stable-boy, quite at the bottom of his profession, and the crack jockey, there is a wide gulf—a gulf, too, as she well knew, not always to be bridged; it being often a considerable time before a lad is afforded an opportunity of riding in public, and even then is apt to be put upon a horse which gives him little chance of distinguishing himself. It might be long enough before Gerald got his opening.

Dollie heard, too, plenty of talk about the downfall of the Rockinghams. The late Squire had been a popular man, as a gallant, open-handed sportsman is sure to be in the many-acred county; and she heard much regret expressed that Cranley Chase had passed away from the old family. The presence of Mrs. Rockingham and her daughter in the city kept these rumors alive, while the fact that the victory of the outsider Phaeton on Doncaster Moor had been the *coup de grâce* to the dashing lord of Cranley Chase, made a turf romance that had special interest for the sporting population of York and its neighborhood. Dollie was destined to overhear many a bitter comment on her father's conduct. "Dal it all, the Squire had been a good friend to un always. It was downright mean of old Bill Greyson not to give t' Squire a hint to save himsel over the second string." Whispers were afloat, too, that Pearson and Cuthbert Elliston, leading patrons of Greyson's stable, had been amongst the biggest winners over the race, and that neither of these should have given the dead man a hint seemed monstrous in the eyes of Yorkshire. Both were well known in the county, and both were far from popular. Even his intimates were wont to say there was no trusting Cuddie Elliston, while as for Sam Pearson, it was a current saying that "No one had ever bested him." Still, Yorkshire has a certain respect for this faculty; and though Pearson was regarded as a man who carried it rather far, and would have skinned his own brother upon occasion, yet public opinion did not get much farther regarding him than that "Lawyer Pearson knew his way about; and you'd to get up main early in the morning to get a point the best of him."

It was right and natural that a lawyer should overreach you if he could, and that a Yorkshireman should want the best of a bargain in horseflesh, or some undue advantage in a wager, was all in the ordering of things. Pearson was not only tolerably free-handed, but affected a geniality of manner which, if not quite current coin, was at all events near enough to pass as such. With Elliston the case was different; he was a sharp, tricky practitioner, not even to be trusted by his friends, endowed with a bitter, gibing tongue that had rarely good to say of any one. Like most gamblers, he was lavish of his money when fortune smiled; but then he spent it chiefly on himself. In short, there was usually little satisfaction manifested amongst racing men at the success of Greyson's stable, of which Cuddie Elliston was the guiding star; he and his partner Pearson were wont to keep their "good things" strictly to themselves; and, above all, did they object to the public participating in their *coups*.

Such remarks as these about her father and his principal employers made Dollie's ears tingle. Mr. Greyson would have been an honest trainer had his patrons been of that way of thinking; but with them it was simply a case of which way most money was to be made over a race, and Bill Greyson consequently was continually expending all his skill in preparing horses for contests which their owners had no intention of allowing them to win.

The odium of such proceedings naturally attached itself to the Riddleton trainer, and Dollie's father bore an unmistakably shy reputation in consequence.

CHAPTER XIV.

TURF TACTICS.

Dollie had returned from York not a little put out with all the gossip she had chanced to hear about her father. She, of course, knew all about the horses in his charge. She followed their fortunes in the papers, and knew that they did not always win when expected to do so, but she was shocked at the idea that her father should be deemed capable of not doing his very best with them. She was much distressed that the poor Squire should not have been told about Phaeton last year. She had heard her father say that he thought he should "take the Leger," but she, like the public in general, supposed he meant with Caterham. She knew that the Squire had died a ruined man, but she had not understood before that the clever finessing of her father and his employers had dealt him the finishing blow. She remembered Alister Rockingham when she was quite a little girl—a tall, handsome man, with always a pleasant word for her and her mother. He had a few horses at Riddleton in those days, the management of which, though Dollie did not know it, was principally left to Cuthbert Elliston, and it was their questionable running which had led to his leaving Greyson's stable. Then, as now, the trainer bore the blame, which accrued simply from carrying out Elliston's instructions. Later the Squire had an inkling of the truth, and though he never again sent any horses to Riddleton, was always on friendly terms with Greyson, and more than once indebted to him for a hint at the eleventh hour. It was this had made him so incredulous about Phaeton. So far he was right; Caterham was the better horse of the two, but the other was just good enough to win. Still the Squire made sure that if such a bit of turf tactics was about to be attempted, he should have had a hint from Greyson, and in default of that stood stanchly by Caterham, with the disastrous result we have seen.

A day or two after her return her father observed: "Mind you have a tidy breakfast for us to-morrow, lass. Mr. Elliston and Pearson are coming to have a look at the horses in the morning, and I suppose they'll let me know then what they really want. The nags are very well, and will pick up a good race or two this spring, if they're wanted."

"I should have thought, father, men who kept race-horses were always anxious to take all the prizes within their reach, if only for the swagger of the thing."

Bill Greyson stared for a moment at his daughter in sheer astonishment that a child of his could still be so innocent with regard to the intricacies of the turf and the ways of its votaries.

"Yes, Dollie, I suppose they do like all the flourish and swagger of pulling off a big race when they are young, but they very soon cease to care about bringing down a royal stag unless there's a lot of meat on the carcass. Do you understand me?"

"I think so. You mean men like Mr. Elliston and Mr. Pearson don't care to win races unless they can win a lot of money over it."

"Just so, child. Men like Mr. Elliston and Pearson, like the man you were reading to us about the other night, 'fight for their own hand,' and don't care much about the public," replied the trainer, sententiously.

"But, father, surely this is very unsatisfactory for you?" said the girl, raising her large gray eyes to his face.

"I've got to get my living, girl," replied Greyson, doggedly; "and trainers and jockeys, like other servants, have to do as they are told. Our soldiers and sailors get hampered in that respect too, I'm told;" and so saying the trainer walked away.

Dollie pondered a good deal over her father's last remark. He was not altogether a free agent, then, but in the hands of his employers, and Dollie had what the people in York said concerning *them* still ringing in her ears. William Greyson was indeed more in their power than his daughter could guess. Like many of his class, he had passed through times of impecuniosity, and Mr. Pearson, far too shrewd a man not to buy any one it was worth his while to have under his thumb, had been only too happy to accommodate the trainer with a loan. Loans from Lawyer Pearson were of that kind that one never settled. Interest ran on. You were begged not to trouble yourself about it, and the millstone was round your neck in an incredibly short time.

And now occurred to Dollie another very awkward circumstance in connection with the visits of Messrs. Elliston and Pearson to Riddleton Moor. Both these gentlemen knew Gerald Rockingham, and the probability was that they would recognize him under the guise of Jim Forrest, the stable-lad. Why had she never thought of this most likely occurrence when advising Gerald to seek service with her father? Surely it was the very last training stable in England in which to attempt the bold stroke to fortune he aimed at. But the girl could not resist the temptation of seeing her lover constantly, and that had blinded her to the palpable danger that was now on the verge of occurring. Dollie knew Cuthbert Elliston and Sam Pearson, although she had seen little of them during the last three years, in which she had principally resided at York with her uncle for educational purposes; but the question now was, What was Gerald to do? See him she must, and yet that was not so easy without attracting attention. Still, warned of the advent of his cousin, for whom she knew he nourished undying animosity, Dollie knew he must be. It would be absurd to suppose that this contingency had not suggested itself to the lovers previously, and it had been arranged between them that Gerald was to have due warning.

It was not quite so easy for the girl to see Gerald alone. If Miss Dollie were once seen to favor one of the stable-lads, tongues would run riot on Riddleton Moor; and let the thing once reach the ears of old Greyson, and the dismissal of the offender would be both prompt and summary. Still, the supineness of her mother gave the girl more opportunity than she would otherwise have enjoyed, and whether it's

"well to sever
Two fond hearts forever,"

as the song says, I can't say, but they are a little difficult to keep apart in these times.

Dollie found means to let her lover know that he must meet her at the low fence at the bottom of the orchard, which, abutting on a portion of the stables, was not liable to attract attention, and had occasionally served them in such stead before. Their meetings had naturally been rare, though they got a glimpse of each other daily, and in one's teens, when smitten by the love god's arrows, that goes for much.

"Gerald," she said, "I can only snatch a few moments to talk to you. You know how risky our meeting is, and that if my father had any suspicion of the terms we stand upon he would no longer hear of your holding your present position. Stop; don't interrupt me," she continued, as he made a sign of remonstrance. "What we have rather feared is about to take place. Mr. Elliston and his partner are coming to see the horses to-morrow morning."

"Which comes to the same thing. Your father will, of course, know all about it. It is impossible that my cousin and Pearson will not recognize me."

"Not necessarily," replied Dollie. "Your companions and even yourself swathe your throats these chilly spring mornings pretty closely in woollen comforters. You must take an extra turn or two with your wraps to-morrow. I think, then, if you pull your cap well down over your brows, the complete change in your dress, and the idea of finding you in such a position being so utterly unexpected, will prevent any recognition on their part. Bear in mind, too, the owners come down to see their horses, and take very little heed of the boys that ride them. Besides, they both of them detest the Dancing Master, and are not very likely to take much notice of him. He cost them a deal of money last year, and I heard Mr. Elliston say that it was far cheaper to shoot brutes like that than to sell them, as you might then be tempted to back them once more on the strength of what they *could* do, and in defiance of your being aware that they wouldn't do it—in public."

"It's all very well for you to argue like that, Dollie; but no man fond of horses could resist looking over the Dancing Master just now. He's in the bloom of condition; Caterham won the Guineas, and Phaeton scored the Leger; yet, when it comes to looks, they really are not in it with that queer-tempered gray, and what's more, would not be in it either when it comes to galloping, if the villain would only try."

"Does he go any better with you, Gerald?"

"Well, it's hard to say; there are mornings when he will stride along as kindly as possible, and be as nice a horse as a man can care to ride. Then, perhaps, the next day neither I nor any one else can do anything with him. He will always, I should think, be a very dangerous horse to put money on. I suppose I must follow your advice, and chance not being recognized; but I fancy to-morrow morning will see the termination of my engagement on Riddleton Moor;" and Gerald looked rather sentimentally across the fence into Dollie's charming face.

"Nonsense!" she replied; "do as I tell you, and it will be all right. If it could be avoided, no doubt it would be better; but it is a contingency that you were sure to have to face sooner or later; and now I must run away, I dare not stay longer. Good-by, Gerald dearest; and remember one thing; let nothing induce you to open your lips if possible; but, if you must speak, you can't be too brief and husky." With which parting advice, Dollie Greyson kissed her hand and sped up the orchard.

The next morning saw Gerald enveloped in many folds of woollen comforters, with cap slouched down and shoulders hunched up, on the back of the Dancing Master, wending his way with his fellows to the far side of Riddleton Moor. He complained to them in thick, husky tones of the chilliness of the moor, and affected as much as possible to be suffering from a severe cold. The string had been leisurely walking about some time before Bill Greyson was seen driving a small wagonette across the turf toward them; in his two companions Gerald recognized at a glance the two men whose observation he was so anxious to escape.

"The horses are all well, you say, Greyson, but I don't know that there's much to be done with them. Caterham and Phaeton are so thoroughly exposed that they will have to run a bye or two before they get well into a handicap. There's no money in cup-racing, and Pearson and myself infinitely prefer swelling our banker's account to decorating our sideboards."

"Caterham, sir, would have a very fair chance of the City and Suburban," said the trainer, dryly.

"Precisely what the public think, Greyson, and the public accordingly will have one more lesson about the imprudence of jumping to erroneous conclusions. Having, in their anxiety to grow rich, backed the winner of the Guineas, they will have the satisfaction of learning that this isn't his race, and paying their money accordingly. Ah! you have that ill-tempered gray brute out, I see. Of course he is well—that sort always are. Like bad-tempered men, their contrariness keeps them in health. He don't improve in his manners?"

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1439.

"No, sir," replied the trainer. "I suppose, though, he had better go to Newmarket on the off chance. Though I'm afraid we sha'n't take the Two Thousand this year."

"He don't go at *my* expense," sneered Cuthbert Elliston; "and what's more, I don't intend the brute to eat at my expense either much longer. If Pearson here likes to send him, well and good; but I don't suppose he means to throw money away more than myself."

"No," replied the lawyer, laughing; "I've no money to spend in travelling a trick horse about the country. The fact is, Bill, we are both going for Pibroch. Sir Marmaduke's got the money down in earnest, and declares he will win the length of a street."

"Well, sir," replied the trainer, quietly, "it's a pity not to run the Dancing Master. He's very fit and well just now; it's a big stake to pick up, and he might take it into his head to do his best. His sort do at times—more especially when you don't back 'em—"

"Now, look here," replied Elliston, sharply, "let's know at once what you're driving at. What are you trying to persuade me to send that worthless brute to Newmarket for?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, Mr. Elliston, I've got a thousand to thirty about him. I shall probably be able to hedge if he starts, and thereby save my thirty pound."

"Ah! you want to save your thirty pound at my expense. We will think about it. Meanwhile let's see him gallop."

Pulling up, and handing the reins to Cuthbert Elliston, Greyson got out of the wagonette, walked across, and gave a few directions to the head boy.

"A good half-speed gallop, William," said he, "and bustle 'em up a bit in the last half-mile."

The string got into Indian file, Joe Butters, on last year's Leger winner, leading; Caterham laid next, and a very useful five-year plater, who had done the stable yeoman's service, followed, while the Dancing Master, with Jim Forrest in the saddle, closed the procession. Intent more upon concealing his identity than the business in hand, Jim was as nearly as possible deposited on the broad of his back as Butters gave the signal to go, the Dancing Master responding to the pressure of his rider's knees by a plunge and a couple of buck jumps that would have proved too much for most lads, and landed Jim Forrest on the gray's neck.

"You haven't improved that amiable brute's temper an atom," sneered Elliston, in those sharp, clear, acid tones that had superseded the soft, *trainant* accents of his younger days; "and putting up such a young duffer as that to ride him is not likely to make him more tractable."

"He's not a bad boy, sir," replied the trainer, quietly; "but that gray colt's rather too much for any of 'em."

"By Heaven, he means going now!" exclaimed Pearson, as the Dancing Master, after shaking his head rather seriously, as if taking in the position of affairs, took hold of his bit and dashed furiously in pursuit. That he should speedily overhaul his leaders was nothing, they were only going half-speed, and it was quite evident that it was just all Jim could do to prevent the gray getting clean away with him. Still, Pearson and Elliston knew a galloper when they saw one, and the long, low, raking stride, and the way he ran up to his horses, impressed them strongly.

"By Jove!" said Pearson, "temper or no temper, a mover like that can never be said to be quite out of the race."

"Yes, he covers ground when he begins. But you don't suppose at Newmarket that they're going to canter at starting just to suit his convenience, do you? Why, they would have been half-way to the winning-post before the gray beggar thought it was time to begin. Hah! Look at him now! Oh, you beauty! A platoon of musketry in the home paddock is about what you're fit for."

As the last words escaped his lips the Dancing Master stopped as abruptly as he had started, and commenced to kick, and when he once more condescended to resume galloping his stable companions were finishing at racing pace. Jim Forrest, with a view to escaping observation, stopped his ill-tempered charge some distance below the point where the others had pulled up, and walked him slowly back the far side of the gallop.

"Well, Greyson, they all look well and flourishing, but I don't see any opportunity of slipping them just yet; as I said before, the public have helped themselves to all the money about the City and Suburban—and I hope the public will enjoy the result. We must wait for our chance. It will come before the year is out. As for that gray devil, *I'm* not going to pay his train to Newmarket."

"Pity too, sir," said the trainer, "not to have a cut at such a big stake on the off chance."

"No, Greyson; you are very considerate, but I'm not going to pay insurance on your thirty sovereigns. Stop! I'll tell you what I'll do with you. If you choose to pay the brute's expenses, you may. If he wins I'll take the stakes, but the horse shall be yours. Remember, the winner of the Two Thousand will be worth money, and if you take my advice you'll part with him to the first man that makes a decent offer."

"Done, Mr. Elliston. It won't be the first hundred I've made a big hole in by taking long odds; but still, what with the thousand I shall stand to win, and what the horse will be worth if he does win, it's good enough to chance."

"Glad you think so. I shouldn't have thought it so myself; but there's one thing you have rather overlooked; you will find it difficult to get any one to ride—all the jockeys worth having are engaged."

"That don't matter, sir," replied Greyson, as he got into the wagonette and resumed the reins. "In a case like this it's no use wearing money. I shall just put one of the lads up. Jockeys as a rule can't do much with a colt like the Dancing Master. If that horse is to win he'll have to do it himself; he's pretty certain to decline either assistance or interference. The only orders I should give the best man in England would be, 'Get well off, and then leave him alone.' And now, gentlemen, I should think you're about ready for breakfast."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ICE INDUSTRY OF NEW YORK.

MEN who have spent even a quarter of a century in New York remember when the general consumption of ice was confined to the dog-days, and even the rich made use of it only between spring and late autumn. It was then a matter for wonder to visitors from smaller cities and the country that certain enterprising confectioners and *restaurateurs* displayed signs bearing the words, "Ice-Cream and Water-Ices" in midwinter, and the fact that persons of taste lightened the courses of a dinner with a *sorbet*, or closed them with ice-cream or ices, seemed to our rural neighbors like the silliest affectation, and the most amazing example of artificiality in appetite. Those who then put ice to the uses now in vogue composed a fraction of the population too small to attract general attention. The fact that ice was then almost, if not quite, as cheap as it is now, that only the poorest are unable to enjoy it, shows how taste has changed, or perhaps we should say developed, in that short period. Now it is as much a feature of household economy as water itself, and except in cooking the one is seldom made use of without the other. It has come to pass that our citizens regard water, no matter what its temperature may be, as flat unless it has ice in it, and in our homes, in restaurants, hotels, saloons, and wherever men and women assemble, ice and water go together, and one is as freely utilized as the other.

In all houses, except the poorest tenements, the refrigerator is now as certain to be found as the stove or sewing-machine, and almost all are kept filled the year around. Those who ever give the subject a thought must agree that nothing else which costs so little affords so much comfort whenever recourse is had to it, or such instant and great relief when the weather is oppressive. No straining of logic is required to justify the taste for ice at all seasons. The temperature in-doors in January is so warm as to make the crystallized coolness a grateful accompaniment of eating and drinking, and the delicate change of flavor which ice causes in Croton, even when that liquid is cold of itself, is warrant enough for a fondness for ice-water in midwinter.

If all the ice now brought to New York were to be equally distributed among the inhabitants, every man, woman, and child in the metropolis would get almost a ton as his or her share. The annual importation amounts to a little more than a million tons. Ice is brought from as far away as Maine, though this is done only by private persons for their own use, and when the regular supply is small and dearer than usual. The greater part of that which is served by the local ice companies is cut in the upper Hudson River, and a little, in addition, comes from Rockland Lake, Greenwood Lake, and Lake Mehagh, near Verplanck's Point.

The harvesting of "the crop," as it is called, takes place whenever a certain thickness has been reached, ten inches being the thinnest ever taken up. The Hudson water is salt a great many miles above New York, and is quite brackish at Newburgh, but in the neighborhood of Poughkeepsie it is fresh and pure, and there the ice-men's field of labor begins. The blocks of crystal are sawed out in regular sizes, and hauled to the huge store-houses on the shores. The white sides of the barn-like structures and their crooked spout-like slides, reaching from the neighborhood of the roof of each building down to the water's-edge, are familiar sights to all travellers along the great waterway. The perishable nature of this staple is known to every one, but how many know that the waste or loss amounts to fifty per cent., so that the companies count upon marketing only one-half of the total amount cut and stored away? The windmill sails revolving above the roofs of the rotund barges shown in the sketches on another page tell the tale of this shrinkage of bulk, for those whirling sails work the pumps which hoist from the holds of the barges the constantly forming water, which was as solid as stone when the boats were laden.

Brewers are the largest consumers of ice, and pork packers, butchers, and hotel and restaurant keepers rank after them in the order named. Veritable houses are the huge boxes into which these buyers store the crystal blocks needed in their processes. In the modern drinking palaces no appointments, except the bars themselves, are more conspicuous than the refrigerators, which, by common custom, are built with an outer casing of carved and polished hard woods and bevelled plate-glass; and huge as these ornate boxes are, the sketch of the ice-man filling a cellar under a saloon shows that there is yet more ice needed in this business than even the great refrigerators will hold.

The great ships that carry our surplus of Western beef to Europe are fitted with enormous ice-boxes, with a capacity of from sixty to a hundred tons, and passenger vessels carry all the meats purchased for consumption during their voyages in refrigerators graded in size according to the length and nature of the trip in contemplation. For Europe, ten tons are required; for South America, fifty or sixty. Ships plying between South America or the West Indies and this city now carry two ice-boxes—one containing the meat, fish, and poultry for the table on the voyage out, and the other remaining sealed until the return trip is begun, and it is a significant fact that the officers say the fare on the homeward voyages is superior to that on the others.

But the artist recalls to the majority of us the fact that not all New-Yorkers are able to enjoy this refreshing staple in as lavish a manner as the ton share for each inhabitant would seem to indicate. Some get more than their portion, and many can afford to purchase only very sparingly of the luxury. During the greater part of each year the ice-men are strangers to the poorer districts, and it is only in the hottest weather that the haggard women and scantily clad children of the swarming tenements are driven to break the rule of compulsory economy, and surround the lumbering, cavernous carts, with their kettles and blickeys, and tiny offerings of small change in return for temporary relief from the tortures of an almost tropic sun. JULIAN RALPH.

GENERAL CROOK UPON THE APACHES.

HEAD-QUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF ARIZONA,
WHIPPLE BARRACKS, PRESCOTT, *July* 16, 1884.

MY DEAR MR. WELSH,—The best answer to the questions contained in your communication of the 23d ult. would be found in a recital of the facts which careful and impartial investigation could not fail to develop in regard to the Chiracahua and other Apaches. Until such an investigation, deep, systematic, and perfectly unbiassed, can be made by yourself or some other member of your association, I ask that some consideration be given to the few remarks I wish to make in their behalf.

It is not to be denied that the Apache is the fiercest and most formidable of all our Indians when upon the war-path. Opinions may differ as to the place in the scale of intelligence the Apache should occupy, but there is no diversity of sentiment—at least not among army officers—as to the skill and cunning with which this Indian conducts all warlike operations. Speaking for myself, after a somewhat extended experience of over thirty-two years' duration with the various Indian tribes from British America to Mexico, from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean, I do not hesitate to put the Apache at the very head for natural intelligence and discernment. He knows his rights, and is not afraid to maintain them. Were he a Greek or a Roman, we should read with pride and enthusiasm of his determination to die rather than suffer wrong; but looking at him as a native of our own soil, and as the feeble barrier which stands between ourselves and the silver mines or coal measures supposed to exist on his reservation, it is not always possible to do justice to his virtues, or to consider his faults as identical with those of which we ourselves should be guilty under similar provocation.

We have now on the White Mountain, commonly known as the San Carlos Reservation, a body of Apaches and affiliated tribes numbering almost exactly 5000 souls. Of these the Chiracahua Apaches number 512, of whom 129 are warriors and half-grown boys. I shall limit my remarks to this band, because it is the one which I followed into the Sierra Madre, in Mexico, just a year ago; and being the very last body of American Indians to come in from the war-path, the improvement effected in the past few months in the condition of its members will be the most satisfactory evidence upon which to base the hope we may entertain for the future of any of the aborigines. With the exception of infant children and a very few broken-down old men and women, every one of these Apaches of both sexes is now hard at work trying to make a crop.

I am happy to say that all the reports received from the military officers in charge of them are of the most encouraging character. Unless some totally unexpected bad weather prevent, they will raise a great quantity of cereals and vegetables, and will, besides, be in a condition to sell for cash to the Quartermaster's department a great share of the barley, corn, hay, and fuel consumed by the troops in the posts nearest them. I expect that this year all or nearly all the articles named required by the garrisons of San Carlos and Fort Apache will be supplied by the Apaches. In having this done, two objects are gained—the Apache is kept from idleness, and is made a producer. No sermon that was ever preached on the dignity of labor could imprint upon the savage mind the impression received when he sees that *work* means *money*, and that the exact measure of his industry is to be found in his pocket-book. . . . . He recognizes at once that our regulative system is well adapted for the preservation of property, or the preservation of order, which is almost the same thing, consequently he accepts and imitates with scrupulous fidelity the simpler forms of our judicial proceedings in dealing with offenders in his own tribe. An enlightened self-interest begins to dawn, and to teach him that intemperance and industry can not exist in the same camp. He promptly accedes to the suggestions that the manufacture of his favorite liquor, "tizwin," be stopped, and that the corn once used for this purpose be sold for money or ground into meal. Then he begins to see how great is the money value of his squaw's labor, and no difficulty is experienced in doing away with the ferocious custom of slashing off a poor wife's nose every time that a drunken maniac imagines he has some cause for jealousy. This is not a fancy sketch, but an accurate recital of what was done for all the Apaches in 1873, '74, and '75, and what is now going on among the Chiracahua band. I am not going beyond the limits of an exact narrative when I express the opinion that had the Apaches been permitted to continue in the path of civilization and progress in which I placed them in the years mentioned, many of them would by this time have been fairly well qualified for the elective franchise; or in any event, instead of being dependent upon the government for support, they would have been contributing appreciably to the general prosperity.

Upon being re-assigned to command the Department of Arizona I found that all that had been accomplished with so much patient labor had been destroyed, and almost all trace of it had been obliterated. From the simple, pathetic story of the Apaches I gathered that they had been systematically and outrageously plundered by a gang of sharks thinly disguised as Indian agents and others. The Indians had about lost all confidence in our government, and were on the brink of an outbreak, which would have cost us heavily in the losses we should have had to suffer, and still more heavily in the taxes we should have had to pay for its suppression. In this exigency there was only one thing to be done. I personally visited the various bands, including those already on the war-path, and assured them that the people of the United States were not in sympathy with the rascals of whom they complained, but were sincerely desirous of doing full justice to the Indians, and I asked them, if they had any confidence left in me, and if they believed that I would act toward them just exactly as if they were white men, to remain at peace until an adjustment of their wrongs could be effected.

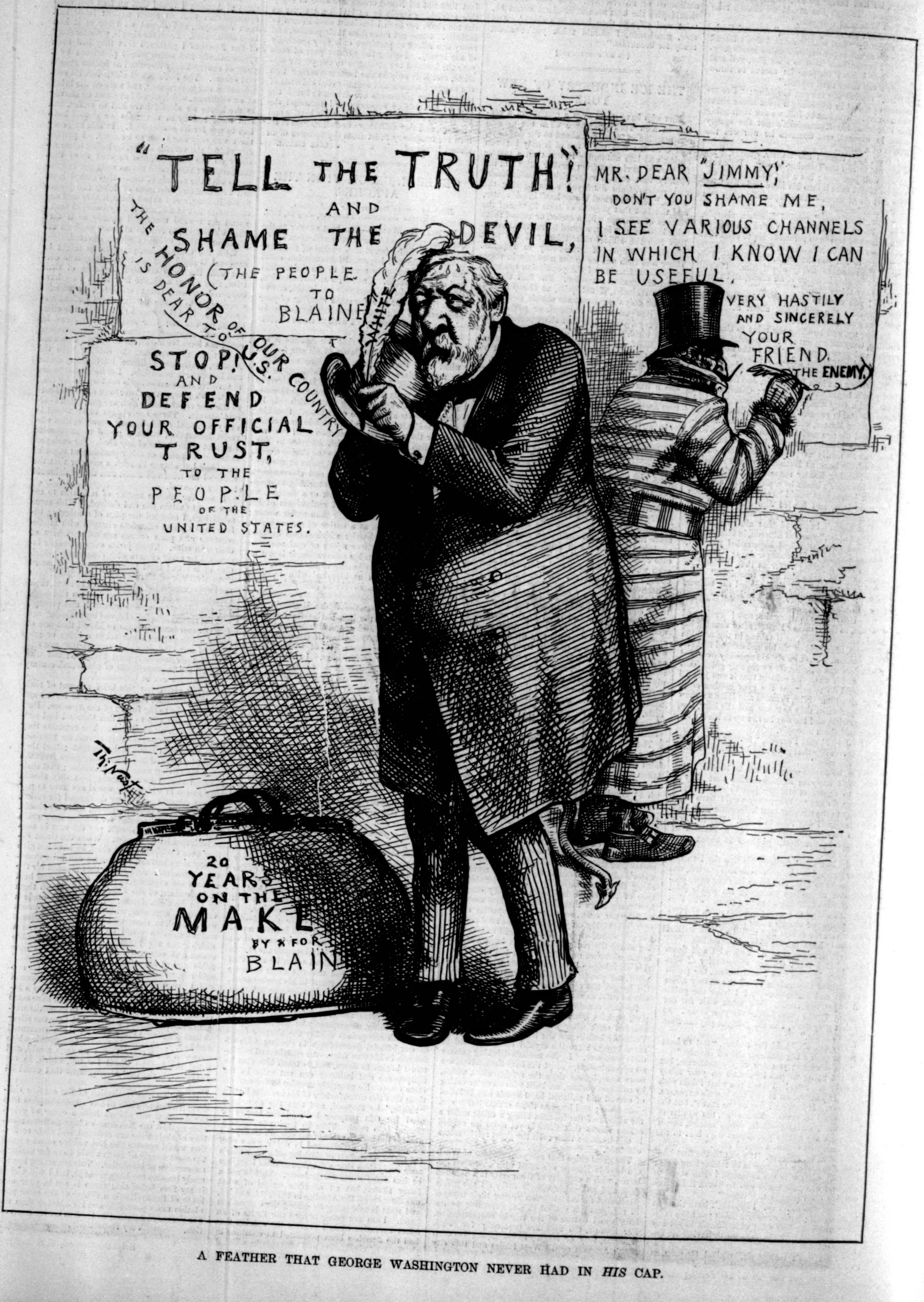
With the Chiracahuas, progress, as might be expected, is rapid, because, being brought in contact with the more civilized branches of their tribe, they see at a glance how much they have improved, and endeavor to emulate them without obliging us to reason carefully and patiently at every step. Had they been isolated from the other bands, as was last year seriously advocated by many well-meaning persons, this improvement could not have been effected in years. One word more upon this subject. In dealing with the Apache, gentleness, patience, intelligence, truth, and honesty are essentials. But he should be led to perceive that gentleness is not inspired by fear, and that we possess the power to compel obedience to the new regulations which are presented to his self-interest. There are always to be found in every community turbulent or unruly spirits who resist innovation, and are prone to antagonize restraint or discipline of any kind. For such persons imprisonment or other punishment must be provided, but always in such a manner that the sense of the tribe will admit that the punishment is fully deserved.

It was for years a matter of reflection to me how best to attain the end desired. With some misgivings, I adopted the plan of arraigning before native juries offenders charged with misdemeanors and petty crimes against members of their own tribe. These juries were primarily instructed by army officers with elementary principles of law and legal procedure. They showed themselves apt scholars, and fully impressed with the importance of the trust confided in them, their investigations have in every case been thorough, the punishment awarded adequate and prompt, and the results beneficial beyond my anticipations. It has never been so much as hinted that one of the Apache jurymen has taken a bribe or gratuity of any kind, in which respect they are still behind their more civilized brethren; but with time all the improvements of nineteenth-century jurisprudence can be introduced.

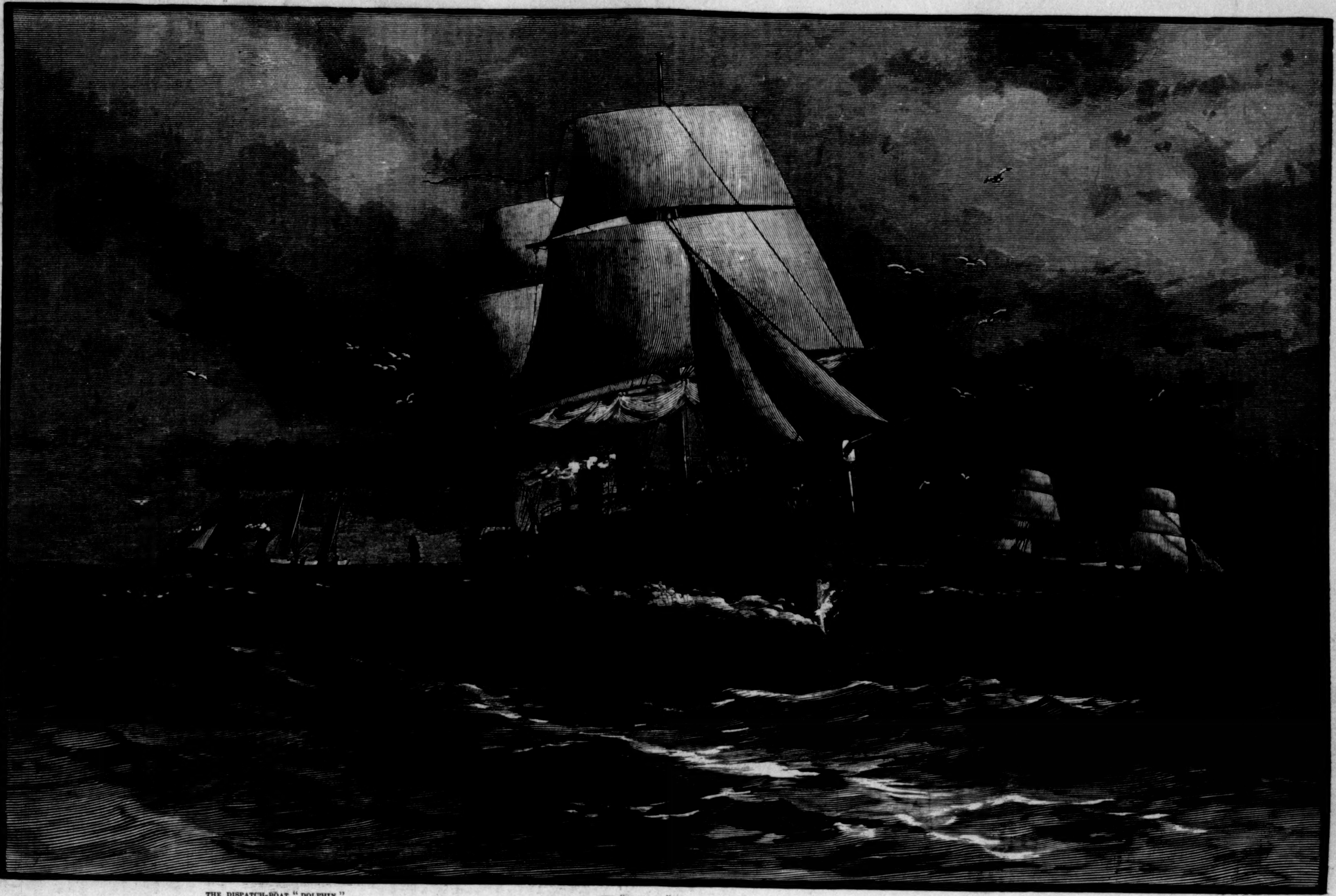
Having given you this brief account of their present condition, I will help you to form some conclusion as to the future of the Apaches. During my recent trip to the San Carlos I had conferences with all the bands. The requests they had to make were that they should be provided more fully with farming implements; that they should be allowed to buy breeding cows from the ranch-men living near the reservation; that their children should be educated; that they should have stores in which they would not have to pay the extortionate prices now demanded for calico, sugar, and every other purchase; that they should have a grist-mill erected for turning their grain into meal, and they should pay the cost in tolls to be levied on their grist. When the Great Father does that, said an old chief, he need not give us any more rations, because we can raise everything ourselves. And lastly, they pleaded for the return from captivity, in which they are now held in Chihuahua, of the children taken from them by the Mexican forces. The Apaches made a very strong argument, where, indeed, no argument was needed, to show that both the government and themselves would be gainers by a system which gave the producer the greatest possible amount of money for his products in his own fields and at his own door. "It is not good," said one, "that we should sell our grain for two and three cents a pound, and then turn round and pay nine cents for flour. Put up for us a little mill to be run by water, and we can save more money. Once I was always glad to go on the war-path and steal stock; now, when I hear the silver dollars jingling in my pocket, I am contented and happy." There are several responsible white men who are willing to put up such a mill, and grind the Apache wheat for toll, which, in my judgment, is the best arrangement that could be made.

Regarding the restitution of the captive children, it must be plain to any comprehension that the Apaches will always have a cause of grievance against the Mexicans so long as those members of their tribe are retained, and their restitution would remove the last vestige of an excuse the most unruly of them would have for urging a resumption of hostilities. This statement has already become too long, perhaps, but I will add to it my firm belief that there is not in your own State of Pennsylvania a village of the same population more peaceable and law-abiding than the five thousand Apaches on the San Carlos Reservation.

Very respectfully,
GEORGE CROOK,
Brigadier-General, U. S. Army.


"TELL THE TRUTH!" AND SHAME THE DEVIL, (THE PEOPLE TO BLAINE)
THE HONOR OF OUR COUNTRY IS DEAR TO U.S.
STOP! AND DEFEND YOUR OFFICIAL TRUST, TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.
MR. DEAR "JIMMY," DON'T YOU SHAME ME, I SEE VARIOUS CHANNELS IN WHICH I KNOW I CAN BE USEFUL, VERY HASTILY AND SINCERELY YOUR FRIEND. THE ENEMY.
WHITE
20 YEARS ON THE MAKE BY & FOR BLAIN
Th. Nast

A FEATHER THAT GEORGE WASHINGTON NEVER HAD IN *HIS* CAP.



THE DISPATCH-BOAT "DOLPHIN." THE "CHICAGO." THE "ATLANTA."

THE NEW STEEL CRUISERS FOR THE UNITED STATES NAVY.—Drawn by F. C. Schell.—[See Page 568.]

THE NEW STEEL CRUISERS.

Within a few weeks the dispatch-boat *Dolphin*, the first though least important of the four steel vessels which are to form the foundation of our new navy, will be made ready for sea. The other three will doubtless be pushed rapidly to completion, Congress at its last session having appropriated all the money required for this purpose.

These vessels are being constructed by Mr. John Roach, of Chester, Pennsylvania, from plans approved by a naval advisory board headed by Rear-Admiral Shufeldt. The *Chicago*, the largest of the cruisers, and the *Boston* and *Atlanta*, twin vessels, are intended to furnish examples of unarmored war ships combining speed, endurance, and battery power. The *Dolphin* is not a fighting ship, but might be of some service as a commerce-destroyer. We present illustrations of these types of vessels.

The *Chicago*, as appears from the description of Mr. F. T. Bowles, secretary of the advisory board, is a twin-screw steam cruiser, constructed throughout of mild steel, without wood sheathing. Her length between perpendiculars is 315 feet; length on water-line, 325 feet; length over all, 334 feet 4 inches; depth from garboard-streak to under side of spar-deck, 34 feet 9 inches; height of gun-deck port-sill from load water-line, 10 feet, and of spar-deck port-sill, 18 feet 6 inches; extreme breadth, 48 feet 2½ inches; draught at load line, mean, 19 feet; displacement, 4500 tons; indicated horse-power, 5000; sea speed, 14 knots; capacity of coal-bunkers, 940 tons; area of plain sail, 14,880 square feet; complement, 300 men. The contract price for the hull, machinery, and fittings, exclusive of masts, spars, rigging, sails, boats, etc., which are to be supplied at the navy-yards, and also of the ordnance, is $889,000.

Nine transverse bulk-heads divide the *Chicago* into water-tight compartments, of which the four amidships contain the machinery and boilers. A double bottom is divided by the keel and transverse frames into fourteen water-tight cells. The machinery and boilers are to be protected by a steel deck one and a half inches thick, whose flat top, one foot above the load water-line, slants downward at about twelve feet from the side of the vessel, so as to strike the side at four feet below the water-line. The space between the sides of the ship and the longitudinal bulk-heads which run throughout the machinery and boiler compartments is used as coal-bunkers, thus giving a coal armor from eight feet above the water-line to fourteen below, the average thickness of this protection being nine feet above the line and five below it. The various steel bulk-heads in the hold, where the ammunition is stored, and elsewhere, combine to divide the ship into eighty-five water-tight compartments. There is a complete system of steam and hand pumps for flooding any compartment or flushing the large drain-pipes.

The steel outside of the *Chicago* will be somewhat above half an inch thick, weighing twenty-three pounds to the square foot, and there will be additional plating for 136 feet over the engines and boilers, worked in two thicknesses of three-quarter inch each. Other devices give additional structural strength. The steam steering gear and rudder are well protected beneath the water-line.

The vessel is to have twin screws, actuated by two pairs of two-cylinder, compound, overhead, beam engines. Beam engines are wholly new for use in war vessels, and have not very often been employed for merchant screw vessels, being principally used in paddle steamers. The designers, however, found it impossible to get a vertical cylinder engine beneath the water-line. The type of boiler approved for the *Chicago* was also a novelty in war ships, being adopted from the merchant service. This steam machinery has given rise to the chief criticisms made upon the *Chicago*, its opponents insisting that nothing so experimental should be introduced into a naval vessel.

It only remains to consider the *Chicago's* battery, which will consist, to begin with, of four 8-inch 12-ton rifled breech-loaders, and six 6-inch breech-loaders weighing about four tons each. The former are on the flush spar-deck, in projecting half-turrets, and the latter on the gun-deck in broadside, where two other 6-inch guns can be added to each broadside if necessary. One 6-inch will be mounted in a recessed gun-deck port on each bow, and two 5-inch guns in recessed ports abaft the captain's cabin. The 8-inch shot weighs 250 pounds; the 6-inch, 100; the 5-inch, 60. Four Hotchkiss revolving cannon, for firing from sixty to eighty rounds per minute, are mounted in bullet-proof towers. The bow will be strengthened for ramming. We may here add that Congress in the temporary naval bill passed during the first week of July inserted this provision: "The four pivot-guns of the *Chicago* to be mounted on Clark's deflective single-gun turrets, or V shields, of the same weight as is now allowed for the mounting and armor protection of the guns," provided the contract should not be altered.

Passing to the *Boston* and *Atlanta*, our description may be less detailed, since many internal arrangements, such as the double bottom, the longitudinal bulk-heads, the arrangement of water-tight flats, the systems of draining and of ventilation, the protective plating over the engine boilers, the protective deck, and the coal armor, resemble in general the *Chicago's*. The dimensions of the *Boston* and *Atlanta*, which are single-screw vessels, are as follows: length between perpendiculars, 270 feet; length on water-line, 276 feet; length over all, 283 feet; depth from garboard-streak to under side of superstructure deck, 34 feet; height of main-deck port-sill from load water-line, 11 feet; free-board at extremities of superstructure, 9 feet; extreme breadth, 42 feet; draught at low water-line, mean, 16 feet 10 inches; displacement at water-line, 3000 tons; area of plain sail, 10,400 square feet; indicated horse-power, 3500; sea speed, 13 knots; capacity of coal-bunkers, 580 tons; complement, 230 men. The contract price, exclusive of masts, spars, sails, guns, etc., as in the case of the *Chicago*, is $618,000 for each vessel.

A peculiarity of this *Boston* class is that the poop and forecastle have been moved to the centre of the ship, in order to give a greater range to the two fore-and-aft guns. The battery consists of two 8-inch and six 6-inch breech-loading rifles. Outside the forward port angle and after starboard angle of a central superstructure an 8-inch rifle is mounted in a barbette about three feet high, built of 2-inch steel plates. The forward gun has a sweep from 40° abaft the beam on the port side around to 30° abaft the beam on the starboard side; and the after gun has a similar range. Within the superstructure are the 6-inch rifles, so mounted as to have an extensive sweep. There are two in each broadside, and the remaining two can be used fore and aft or in broadside. The crews of the 6-inch guns are protected from the fire of machine guns in an enemy's tops, and the 8-inch will carry an armored mantlet for like protection.

This arrangement of the battery, which may be said to form the characteristic feature of the *Boston* class, has been made the centre of attack by critics. Chief Constructor Wilson stated to a Senate committee that owing to their open forecastles and poop-decks the *Boston* and *Atlanta* "would be practically failures as sea-going vessels, as their speed would be knocked down by forcing their bows into the sea, which would also be likely to roll on board aft as they ascended into it." But the advocates of the *Boston* and *Atlanta* maintain that this feature is simply a sacrifice of comfort in cruising to effectiveness in fighting, and does not affect the safety and sea-worthiness of the vessel.

Admiral Porter, who very ardently favors the new navy, has objected somewhat to the *Chicago*, *Boston*, and *Atlanta* as insufficiently sparred, and as being compelled to rely on their steam for lack of sail power. Still, as 200 tons of coal can be carried outside the bunkers of the *Boston* and *Atlanta*, they could steam, it is thought, for 2500 miles at full speed, and twice as much at ten knots an hour. They have a three-cylinder compound horizontal back-acting engine, there are eight horizontal return tubular steel boilers, and there is an aggregate grate surface of 400 square feet.

The *Dolphin's* length between perpendiculars is 240 feet; extreme length, 256½ feet; extreme breadth, 32 feet; depth from top of floors to top of main-deck beams, 18¼ feet, and from base line 20.07 feet; mean draught, 14½ feet; displacement at mean draught, 1485 tons; indicated horse-power, 2300; speed, 15 knots; capacity of coal-bunkers, 310 tons; complement, 80 men; contract price, $315,000.

Being a dispatch-boat, or possibly a flag-ship, the *Dolphin's* speed is a main consideration, and she carries only one 6-inch rifled breech-loader, besides four Hotchkiss revolving cannon in armored towers. She is rigged as a three-masted schooner, and has a single screw, actuated by a compound vertical direct-acting engine, with one high-pressure and one low-pressure cylinder. The boilers are cylindrical, with an aggregate grate surface of 270 square feet.

Such are our new cruisers as described in the original contracts, subject, no doubt, to such improvement as competent authority may direct. The very criticism which they have aroused, and the corresponding zeal with which they have been defended, must make their completion watched for with extraordinary public as well as professional interest. Should they prove as successful as is hoped, there should be no difficulty in procuring authority from Congress for their prompt duplication. Should they develop any serious faults, these can be modified, or a resort can be had to other types of modern cruisers, such, for example, as the British *Impérieuse* and the Brazilian *Riachuelo*.

LOVE AND MIRAGE;*

OR,

THE WAITING ON AN ISLAND.

AN OUT-OF-DOOR ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XV.

REVELATION.

She made a sign to him to be seated, and sitting down also, began without preamble, "Will you do something for me when you get back to England?" Then looking straight into his face, she added, with painful eagerness: "That forlorn lady I mentioned to you who wants to gain her bread in your country is myself. Can you help me?" What could Arthur do but express his readiness, his devotion? Only let her wishes be made known, and he would exert himself to the utmost to serve her, he stammered forth, alert to the deliciousness of the situation, yet prosaically alive to the difficulties of the task he was imposing upon himself. Without sisters, without feminine kinsfolk, he was surely the last person in the world who should proffer help to a lady in such straits. Despite his prompt affirmation, just a shade of discomposure was visible to the eyes intently watching his own. "I am asking a great kindness, I know," she went on, speaking in the same quiet, almost despairing, voice. "I have no one to say a good word for me, not a friend in the world, yet I must live."

Again she looked at Arthur as if to read him through and through; then, evidently with a growing confidence and almost a feeling of liking, she went on:

"Your looks tell me that you have a kind heart, and I am sure you are honorable. I will therefore trust you so far. You must find me such service in your country as may be performed by those who have no past, no history. Oh!" she cried, her whole sorrowful soul seeming to lean on him in the extremity of her helplessness and desolation, "surely in England, if anywhere, I may find one large heart to whom a woman is a woman still in spite of such misfortunes as mine!" A tear or two fell, but without wiping them away she hurried on, now in low, eager tones: "None but yourself are to know that I have lost my good name. I am bound to tell you, or you could not help me. You will keep silence, I know."

Arthur's looks answered for him. He was fain to be eloquent, but the words did not come; none seemed weighty enough for the occasion.

"There are many things I can do well," she continued, with plaintive earnestness. "I would fulfill any trust committed to me. I would be good to little children or sick folk. But there is one charge I should like best of all."

Then smiling through her tears, she said: "It is a foolish fancy; I can not help living in terror of people's eyes. If I could only minister to the blind in one of their asylums, or devote myself to some sightless person, I think I could grow almost happy again."

"You must be happy again," Arthur rejoined, with affected cheerfulness, although his heart was sinking within him. This superb creature a hospital nurse, a serving-woman! The thought was not to be borne.

"Have you any blind friend?" she asked, artlessly, not in the least divining what track his thoughts had taken. "I am skilled in music. I have a fine voice, so people say; I know many things."

"That is but a dreary prospect you speak of," Arthur said; "I will try to think of a better scheme. There are rich women in England who want a friend to travel with them, dispense charity for them, help them to make the best of their lives. Among these you may find one who would be as a sister to you." The glimmer of hope that had lighted up her face died away. She shook her head and made answer almost in a desponding tone.

"I can not go into the world, and even good women might not be kind to me. I yearn for a little kindness. But I will not be cast down," she added, as she caught Arthur's sorrowful glance. "You hear how easily I speak your language. I am also learned in Italian."

"That reminds me," Arthur broke in with extreme animation; "I think I do know an old lady, charming too, who wants a young one to take her to Italy," and he expatiated on the prospect all the more glowingly because it had also occurred to him that he should very likely spend the winter in Rome himself. Suddenly, however, he was checked by a look of such utter misery on his companion's face as to seal his lips. He sat still, blank, silent, dejected. Not an adequate word occurred to him, not a phrase in the whole vocabulary seemed delicate enough and emphatic enough for the expression of his chivalrous devotion. No dilemma could be more painful to a generous-minded man. Moved to passionate pity, stirred by feelings perhaps the nearest approach to magnanimity of a lifetime, he was yet frozen into silence, chilled to outer coldness by the very sorrow he would fain console. To a man like Arthur Venning, nice in his tastes even to fastidiousness, and fashioned, although he knew it not, rather according to his own standard than that of the world, the very helplessness and appeal of this beautiful woman made her sacred in his eyes. She had thrown herself on his English sense of honor and manliness, and he must take care lest by a look or syllable he might seem to abuse the confidence placed in him. He durst not offer balm or ruth. Even a trivial expression of sympathy would be out of keeping. He could only hearken to her story, and vouchsafe the common kindness one wayfarer on the dusty highroad of life is bound to show another.

"Do not speak to me of Italy!" she cried. "It is a fatal place. The forfeit—" For a moment the fair cheeks were dyed with crimson, then she broke off, and went on proudly and collectedly. "You have promised to help a forlorn lady to earn her bread. If I am more outspoken to you than I should be, if I confide things to you I ought hardly to confide to any one, much less a man and a stranger, it is because from my childhood upward I have been taught that an Englishman's word may be relied on."

Arthur listened with sealed lips. He had spoken once on his own behalf. Would a dozen speeches lend force to his simple yea or nay?

"You can not help me unless you know something of my history," she went on, hurriedly and fearfully, as if dreading lest time might not serve for all that she had to say. "I have not a friend in the world, and I am in the power of bad people. How can I leave this island and get secretly to England? Will you try to think of a plan? English women are great travellers. If any came here I could return with them."

The wistfulness, the almost agonized look of entreaty, wrung Arthur's heart. All kinds of projects flashed before his mind. He would write that very day to some of his pleasant woman friends to urge upon them the seductions of a Baltic trip. Better still, he would think of some school-mistress or music teacher in want of a holiday, and thus procure the necessary protection. Vague hopes and promises in plenty his interlocutor now read in the young man's face.

"It must be done soon," she added, in the same quick, agitated tones. "I could get away in September."

Arthur's countenance cleared.

"There is fortunately time, then, for making the necessary arrangements," he said, promptly and cheerfully. He was determined at all costs to himself to be sternly matter of fact. "I can turn over in my mind the best means of furthering your wishes. Meantime," he added, with an encouraging smile, "who can tell what may or may not happen? Friends of mine might arrive unexpectedly any day from England, or touch here on their way back from Norway. I need only commend to their protection a foreign lady desirous of going to England. Can I write to you?"

"It will be better not to do so. I will let you know how to communicate with me when the time comes," she replied, rising. "How long do you stay on this island?"

"As long as I can serve you," were the passionate words on Arthur's lips. He checked himself, and made answer in the most indifferent voice he could command.

"My time is at my own disposal. I am absolutely free to go or stay. It will give me real pleasure if I can be of use to you."

"I will send you a sign," she said. "Your address I learned on the occasion of your first visit to the palace."

"The address matters little. But do not forget the name—Arthur Venning. A letter bearing that superscription will find me anywhere on the island."

"And my prayers shall find you wherever you are," was the tearful answer.

As she lingered before him, so beautiful in her sadness, so sad in her beauty, they interchanged the yearning look that one human being may well accord another in moments of supreme emotion, even when the next shall see them strangers. There was no sentiment on his part, no feminine feeling on hers; instead, deep unutterable sympathy stirring the hearts of both, and an understanding with which his passionate admiration, her own consciousness of it, had nothing to do. Never in his life had anything touched him so nearly as this loneliness, this desolation; not until now did she realize the healing there may be in a brave man's word. But, for once, sex and personality were merged in something higher than these, and the pair embodied in each other's eyes divine compassion and intense gratitude only.

And as if anxious to express an emotion she could not put into words, having risen to go, she turned back. With a little sob and a wistful smile, she now unfastened the knot of white flowers worn on her bosom and put them into his hands. What eloquence could have said so much? Those silvery star-shaped blossoms were the thanksgiving of one who had not so much as a word to give, the benison of a breaking heart.

Strangely moved, Arthur put away the flowers in his pocket-book, and strolled back to the palace, with little heart for the jovial bachelor's dinner to come. He longed now as keenly as Harvey to be well out of the precincts, although the way back should lead to perplexity, retribution, and Elizabeth.

Elizabeth! Elizabeth! What was there in a fair girl's name to disquiet a young man thus? But even the name he had found so sweet seemed unreal and remote to Arthur now. Was the fancy of yestreen already supplanted by a deeper feeling? Was this new empire Love indeed, the other dream and shadow? Arthur came to the conclusion, whilst hopelessly distracted by these thoughts, that at least he was no longer free to wander and to love. He had often regretted the unemotional current of his existence, and even reproached himself for an apparent want of susceptibility to the passions that consume other men. Now love had asserted its claim, and instead of scant measure dealt out to him, a very foison of love and deliciousness promised to be his portion.

But the future lay veiled in mystery. Hid are the threads of Destiny!

CHAPTER XVI.

INTERLUDES.

The rest of the visit passed off uneventfully. The same faultless dinner, the same flow of talk, the same inquisitiveness on the part of host, and response on that of guests. In certain social relations there need be no question of personal liking. We accord and accept hospitality without going below sympathies skin deep and inclinations that lie on the surface. The Prince and his visitors parted company with graceful compliments that meant nothing, and expressions of regard called forth by the occasion. They should never meet again, but had done their best to be agreeable to each other whilst intercourse lasted. Next day before night-fall the travellers were in their old quarters. Harvey hastened down to the hanging garden by the shore, hoping to find Flora under the lime-trees. Arthur shut himself up in his room to ponder the letter he must dispatch by to-morrow's boat.

First of all he thought and thought till he had satisfactorily made out the history of his beautiful suppliant. He knew German middle-class life well, and the splendid intellectualism of it, the sordid penury of it, and viewed by the light of past experiences, it seemed to him perfectly comprehensible that Italy might be as the apple to some beautiful and beauty-loving German Eve born in these latter days. A vivid picture soon composed itself before his mental vision. He imagined a struggling family and perhaps narrow-minded circle of which one gifted girl was the paragon, condemned, nevertheless, to a tread-mill of toil for daily bread. On a sudden the prison doors fly open. Love and Italy await her! The artistic cravings and intellectual aspirations suppressed for years are to be satisfied at last. She loves, and in her lover finds not only the beauty which is to her as a religion, but the sympathy as necessary to an ardent and poetic nature as air itself.

Musing thus, Arthur thought he could understand how here even a delicate-minded and proud maiden might fall into a snare. There would be passion on the man's side, and no lack of arguments on behalf of the sacrifice demanded of her. Might not a young nobleman, wooing the daughter of some poor pastor or professor, plausibly plead his cause thus: I am not now my own master; but the bond between you and me shall be sacred, and the first day that makes me umpire of my fortunes, shall seal it in the eyes of men?

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1440.

And to the mind of an unworldly, magnanimous girl, implicitly trusting her lover's word, the very nature of such a bond would seem to guarantee after-confirmation. Other and subtler reasonings on his part might apparently justify the step. A thousand circumstances might go against her. Is not feminine generosity overreached by a man's reckless word every day?

Arthur sat down to write with the unshakable conviction that his protégée was the victim, not the tool, of a worldling's selfishness. If ever a fair spirit matched a beauteous body, it was hers. The pathos of wrong rather than of remorse was written on her face. More sinned against than sinning was inscribed on that pure forehead. Were it otherwise, can not mortal lapse be washed out with bitter tears? Is not the misguided soul ofttimes nearer the angels than those who keep the beaten track?

With such thoughts as these, Arthur penned a very long letter indeed on this lady's behalf. He had bethought himself of a former music mistress of his own, of whom he had never lost sight, as the very person to help him out of this charming dilemma. She was pinched in circumstances, elderly, and not too rich in friends. It would be easy, he thought, to induce her to give the stranger a home—even make the journey from London to escort her if necessary.

Arthur was by no means rich, but he could lay hands on a hundred pounds in order to gratify a generous whim; and he reflected that if he put two seas between his beautiful charge and her sorrow, the rest would be easy. She would learn to forget. Under his friend's quiet roof there would be nothing to recall the past. She should be amused by giving German lessons. She should gradually be won over to smile and to hope.

There was real benevolence as well as a chivalrous sentiment at the bottom of Arthur's schemes, and the thought struck him oddly, as it might, methinks, strike many another, When did I ever go out of my way to mend a breaking heart? This fastidious, easy-going, highly cultured Londoner possessed a conscience, but somehow or other it had not been touched as often as might be. But the chivalrous feeling here predominated, and it could hardly be otherwise. If the consciousness of a kindly act warmed his heart, the gratitude of a beautiful woman in no less degree warmed his imagination. A deeper chord was touched still. This girl had appealed to all that was best and manliest within him, and in responding to the call he felt that she it was who played the part of benefactor and good genius. Are not those who inspire us with a noble impulse our guardian angels ever?

The letter he penned was a very long and deliberate one, and in its folds was inclosed a check. "It may happen," he wrote, by way of postscript, "that I shall have to telegraph to you quite suddenly to come out here, or, which will do quite as well, delegate some one of your acquaintance, in order to accompany this lady back to England. Why she can not travel alone, and all other questions, I will answer when we meet. The only thing to be thought of now is to procure her an escort and a home until she can decide upon what to do in the future. She is to know nothing about this check, of course. As an old friend of mine you offer her shelter for a few weeks. That explanation will be enough, and at this season of the year your journey hither would have nothing extraordinary about it. I am sure you will go out of your way to second an old pupil whom you scolded for false notes twenty years ago. And you will learn to feel as much interest in my *protégée* as I do. But take no steps till you hear from me."

Most carefully and circumstantially was the letter worded, yet strangely enough, when the moment came to consign it to the post, Arthur locked it up in his desk instead.

This little romance was all his own. He could not bear the thought of another so much as breathing near it. And the natural, feminine curiosity of this soft-hearted, admirable music-mistress, a romance herself, albeit travestied by the *embonpoint* of fifty—would any injunction on his part suffice to keep her inquisitiveness?

Terribly yet rapturously perplexed, he at last decided to leave the letter where it was for the present. There was luckily yet time, and in the summer letters crossed these seas every day. He could afford to dwell on the problem a little longer.

Next morning Harvey dashed into his room with great news. The fishermen's ball was to take place that afternoon in the forest. Everybody was going, and the sight would be captivating, he said all in a breath.

"Everybody? That means Flora?" Arthur said, slyly. "Seriously, now, Harvey, what are you thinking of? Flirtation has its limits for a man to contemplate marriage who has never so much as earned a sixpence with which to pay his boot-cleaner!"

Harvey was also in an exhilarated humor. "I never coveted a carriage and pair," he answered. "When I take a wife, fashion and I part company."

"A man may be a decent member of society without having his clothes made by a royal tailor," laughed Arthur. "But nakedness must be covered, and the digestive machine kept a-going."

"You forget one thing," retorted the younger brother. "Flora is a German, and Germans know how to live delightfully upon a hundred a year. Well, you will go to the ball, of course?"

"Of course. Will Elizabeth dance with me, do you think?"

Harvey looked disconcerted.

"I do not understand Elizabeth," he said. "She seems positively to resent our visit to the palace. How could it possibly be interpreted as a slight upon herself?"

"How, indeed?" was Arthur's careless answer; but when Harvey had left him his thoughts recurred to the question he had mooted. Why had Elizabeth all along showed such strange aversion to the Prince's name?

Arthur recollected well her look of disconcertment when the princely chase had been accidentally mentioned. There was no misreading the cold disapproval written on her face just before his departure with Harvey for the palace. Then he recalled their talk at the light-house. She had spoken of a broken word and outraged honor. Could these things point to but one conclusion? The lonely, ingenuous Elizabeth must have been wooed by one of the Prince's kinsmen, and through his instrumentality, he being head of the house, these betrothals had been annulled. In Elizabeth's eyes the Prince evidently embodied disloyalty itself: in no other way was such bitter feeling on the part of an amiable girl to be accounted for. He determined to have a close talk with Elizabeth as soon as might be—that very afternoon if possible. It behooved him to get at the bottom of her mysteries, and to find out how it stood with her heart; for in the midst of these vague reflections a disturbing conviction made itself heard. He had already gone too far to draw back. Those last lover-like words whispered in her ear could not be misinterpreted or unsaid. He was free no longer.

Now Arthur, without possessing the heroic qualities, was endowed with one virtue which often counts for much more. To his somewhat cold, well-disciplined nature crookedness was simply impossible in the least little thing. He must see whither he was going, and have the ground clear, no complications, no half-understandings, least of all, no shufflings. The thought that his extraordinary interest in his beautiful *protégée* might be disloyalty to Elizabeth grew more and more hateful to him. He could not let a day go by in uncertainty. Either Elizabeth should claim him for once and for all, or that sadder, lonelier vision that somehow strangely reminded him of her. Arthur had doubtless a touch of romance in his disposition. What human being is without it? Taken by this sweet Teutonic maiden as he had never been taken by any other woman till a week ago, he yet acknowledged a feeling of dismay.

Love is sweet, and the look of certain blue eyes may open a new kind of heaven in manly breasts. But habit is tyrannical and liberty hath charms. To fall in love is to catch a first glimpse of Edelweiss on Alpine slopes. To determine on marriage is to strive for the prize, may be, easily won and worn, may be, a clutch at a bagatelle, or a smiling plunge into destruction!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DR. ROBERT KOCH AND HIS DISCOVERIES.

DISTINCTION has come suddenly to Dr. KOCH; nor was it first won in a professor's chair, or upon the staff of some great hospital. Five years ago he was a private practitioner in Wollstein—a melancholy German village of three thousand people near the Russian frontier—and there he made his first important experiments. They were on the effect of certain poisons on the blood of mice and of other animals, in which he developed new forms of disease for the purpose of throwing light on infectious diseases in mankind. KOCH had made his first researches in the laboratory of Professor COHN, the well-known botanist of Breslau; and the elder scientist, impressed by the ingenuity of the young man's later experiments, invited him to quit Wollstein and his country practice, and to come to Breslau. KOCH followed the advice, but he was unable to get an appointment, the Breslau officials not knowing their right hands from their left. He waited six months in vain, and then went back to his Russian frontier. This was in 1879. In 1880 an opening occurred in Berlin upon the Imperial Board of Health. Its director chanced to be a sensible and what we call a "wide-awake" man; he had heard of ROBERT KOCH, and he summoned the country doctor at once from the melancholy plains of Eastern Germany to the capital. KOCH'S chance had come. He lost not a day. He equipped his laboratory with every appliance needed; he went assiduously but quietly to work. He studied the mysterious activities of cell-development in health and disease, and in the only way in which the all-important knowledge of this subject can be gained: he studied them upon living animals. The amiable opponents of experiments upon living animals, in order to spare them suffering, would stop such experiments, and send KOCH back to his frontier again. They would close the laboratory of the illustrious PASTEUR, and leave cholera and hydrophobia to have their way. Fortunately Berlin appreciated this student of nature. It was not long before he came out from his dissecting-room with a startling announcement.

He claimed to have discovered the essential nature of phthisis. The active principle of tubercle was a *bacillus*, as he called it, which could be shown under the microscope; and this *bacillus* could be communicated to a healthy person, and produce the disease in him. Pulmonary consumption, in other words, is caused by a visible germ, and it is contagious. This claim is contested by eminent physiologists, as especially by Dr. SPINA, of Vienna. A part, certainly, of Dr. KOCH'S theory is true: it is true that *bacilli* do exist in phthisis. But it is not proven that they are the cause of the disease, or that they transmit it when it is transmitted in man, though in the lower animals, or some of them, it is so transmitted. Nor does our knowledge of these *bacilli* help us, like PASTEUR'S studies of hydrophobia and of the chicken plague, to a knowledge of the cure. That may come in time; meanwhile Dr. KOCH'S discovery marks a real step in our knowledge of the disease.

His second discovery—the one which is now widely discussed—is of a similar character. What causes phthisis? says Dr. KOCH. A *bacillus*. What causes cholera—the true Asiatic cholera? A microbe. And what is a microbe? An extremely minute microscopic creature shaped like a comma, and found in the intestines (rarely in the stomach) of the cholera patient. But does it cause the disease, or is it an incident of the disease? "Has he found the *specific* microbe? No one knows—not even Dr. KOCH." He thinks that his microbe is specific, but the point is by no means proven, or was not when he wrote his sixth report (Calcutta, February 2, 1884), as the chief of the German commission in India. Nor, as he admits, has any new treatment for cholera been discovered, either of prevention or cure. Like his researches on phthisis, they are valuable because they promise fruit, but as yet they are unfruitful.

For his contributions to knowledge he has already received large rewards in honor, fame, and money, one item being 100,000 marks from the German government, awarded him last May as the discoverer of the microbe. Let us hope that the great experimenter may soon discover the means of exterminating what he has discovered.

TITUS MUNSON COAN.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A PARIS editor challenged a fiddler. Instead of choosing the bow as the weapon, the musician named the sword, and was worsted.

In Brooklyn, it is said, young ladies halt street cars by blowing tiny silver whistles, which they carry for that purpose suspended from their necks by silken cords. That is prettier than cantering along the sidewalks, waving their parasols, and yelling "Hi, there!"

There is a lady sojourning in the Catskills who has one hundred and seventeen different costumes, three maids, and two poodles. Either she possesses tact for making a few poodles go a great way, or some of her costumes are not intended to be worn with a dog to match.

A gentleman of Texas has written to the Civil Service Commission at Washington that he desires to serve his country, and would be satisfied with "a moderate salary to begin with, say $5000 a year." He is modest. Even a cabinet position pays $8000.

The Philadelphians acknowledge that the earthquake amounted to more in New York than, singularly enough, in the Quaker City. The merit of this frank acknowledgment is spoiled, however, by a petulant fling which accompanies it to the effect that "we always knew your old town was built on volcanic rocks, and some fine morning you'll wake up and find yourselves nowhere."

There was genuine surprise in this hemisphere, and especially in Canada, when the cable brought the news that Hanlan had been defeated in Australia in a rowing match for $5000 and the championship of the world, and that the winning oarsman was Beach. "Who is Beach?" a great many persons asked. It seems that the new champion oarsman of the world had fully demonstrated that he was worthy to pull with Hanlan. He rowed Trickett a good race in Australia last year in July. Subsequently he defeated Trickett in two races, and was defeated by Trickett in two. Still later he offered to row either Trickett or Laycock for heavy stakes, but none of his offers was accepted. Previously to his first match with Trickett he was but little known, but his successes gave him a reputation in London if not in this country. The universal opinion is that Hanlan did his best to win.

A new cautionary signal, the meaning of which is, "Cover up your cabbage plants," or something of similar import, has been arranged by the Chief Signal Officer. The flag is white with a black centre, and will be hoisted as a warning that a cold wave is coming. Permission has been given by the Postmaster-General to fly this flag from the buildings under the control of his department throughout the country.

Several cases of severe illness in Saratoga have been produced by going from spring to spring and partaking of the waters. The physicians say that "Never mix your drinks" is as good a maxim at the spa as on the Bowery.

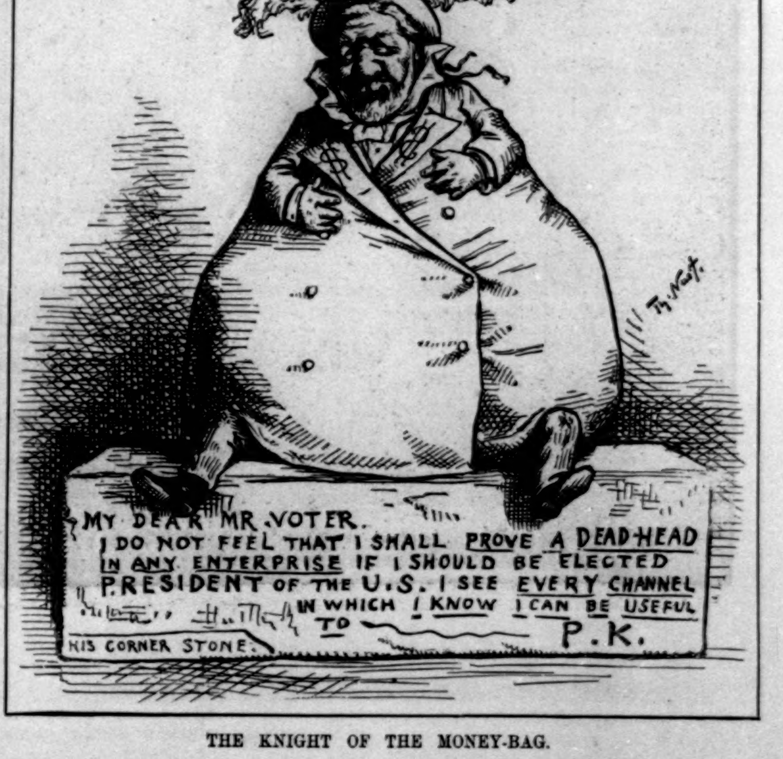
The obituary remarks upon the death of a well-known negro of Texas allude feelingly to the fact that he was reputed to be the most successful chicken thief in that State. This is saying much for him, since to be champion of the Lone Star State in this respect was to be champion of the wide world.

Englishmen of generous dispositions complain because the King of Sweden was obliged to reside at a hotel during his stay in London.

Accounts are printed of the doings of a mysterious Connecticut vagrant, who has come to be known as the Leather Man, because his outer garments are made of that substance. He is harmless, and "he has also an enviable reputation for honesty and sobriety." It is now proposed to make a concerted effort to civilize him, though at this distance that seems a good deal like proposing to paint the lily.

Every public fountain in the city is dry. In some instances the basins have been filled with stones and converted into flower mounds, while other basins are littered with scraps of paper and various kinds of rubbish. The fountains are dry because there is no water to spare for them. There will be no water for them till a new aqueduct is constructed. The obstacles in the way of having that work done honestly will keep the fountains dry for a good many years, it is to be feared; and there are likely to be far more serious results than the stilling of the fountains.

A report has been presented to the French Academy of Science setting forth that Captain Renards, an aeronaut, has succeeded in steering his balloon against the wind, veering around, and coming back to the point of departure. The cable's mention of the event is very brief. Perhaps the maker of the report to the Academy recognized that that body was of sufficient importance to desire not unreasonably to know something as to the force of the wind in which the captain's air craft was tried. Some six or seven years ago a Connecticut aeronaut constructed a so-called flying-machine in which he could rise, descend, or advance against the wind, or at any angle with the line of the wind's direction. All this he accomplished by exhibiting his contrivance in a lofty hall where the force of the wind was reduced as nearly as possible to zero.


MY DEAR MR. VOTER.
I DO NOT FEEL THAT I SHALL PROVE A DEAD-HEAD IN ANY ENTERPRISE IF I SHOULD BE ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE U.S. I SEE EVERY CHANNEL IN WHICH I KNOW I CAN BE USEFUL TO
P.K.
HIS CORNER STONE.
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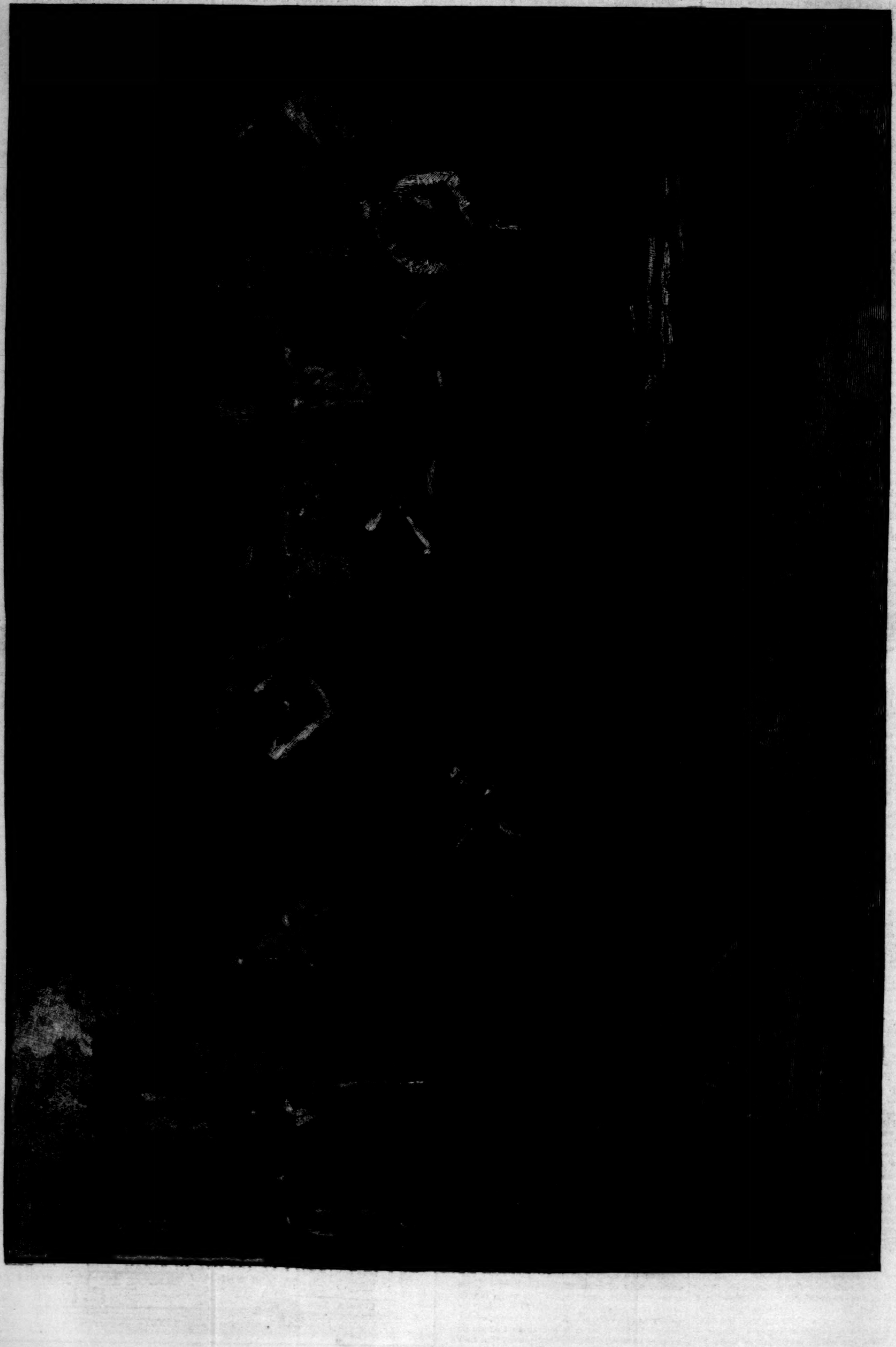
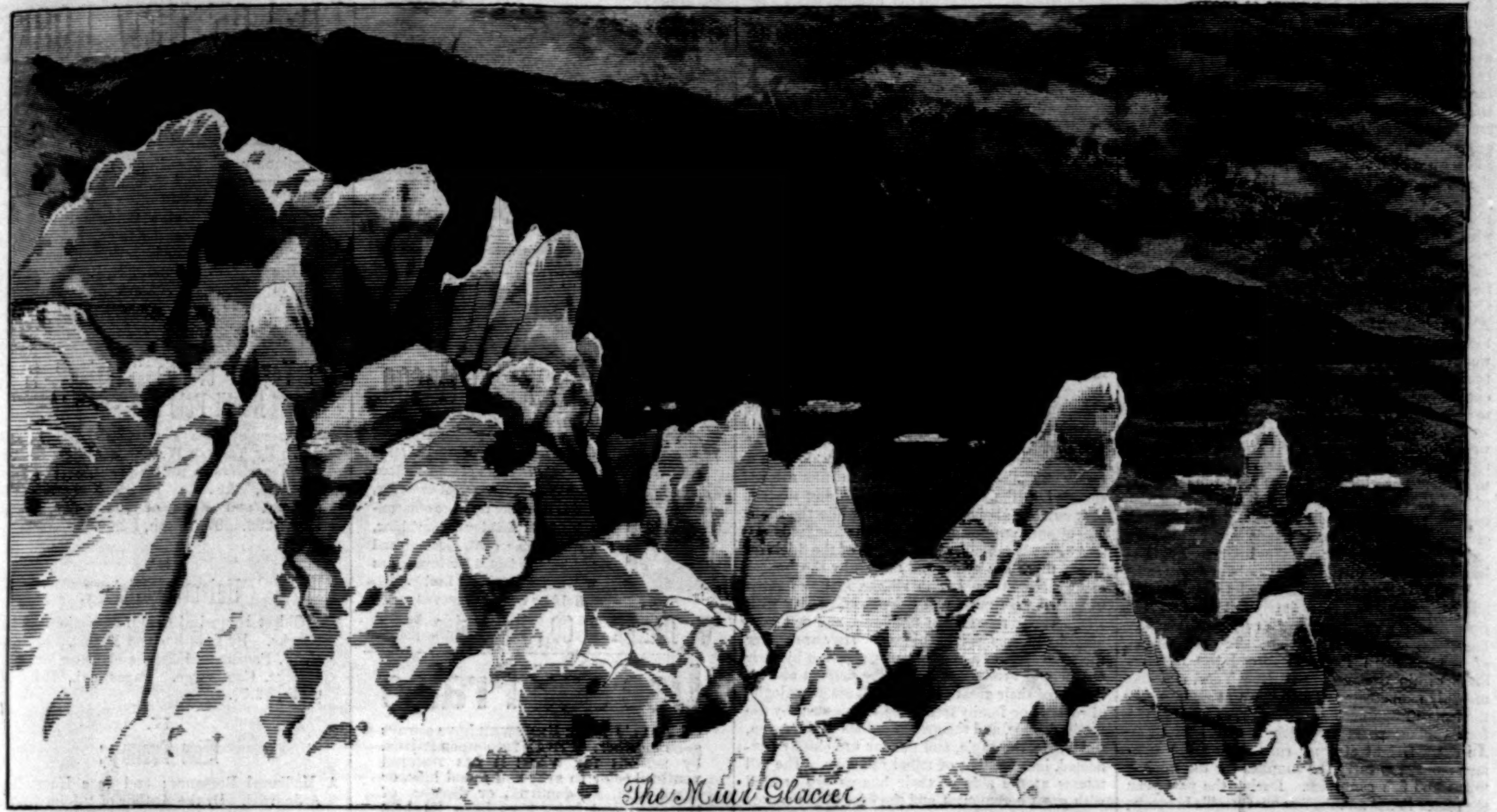
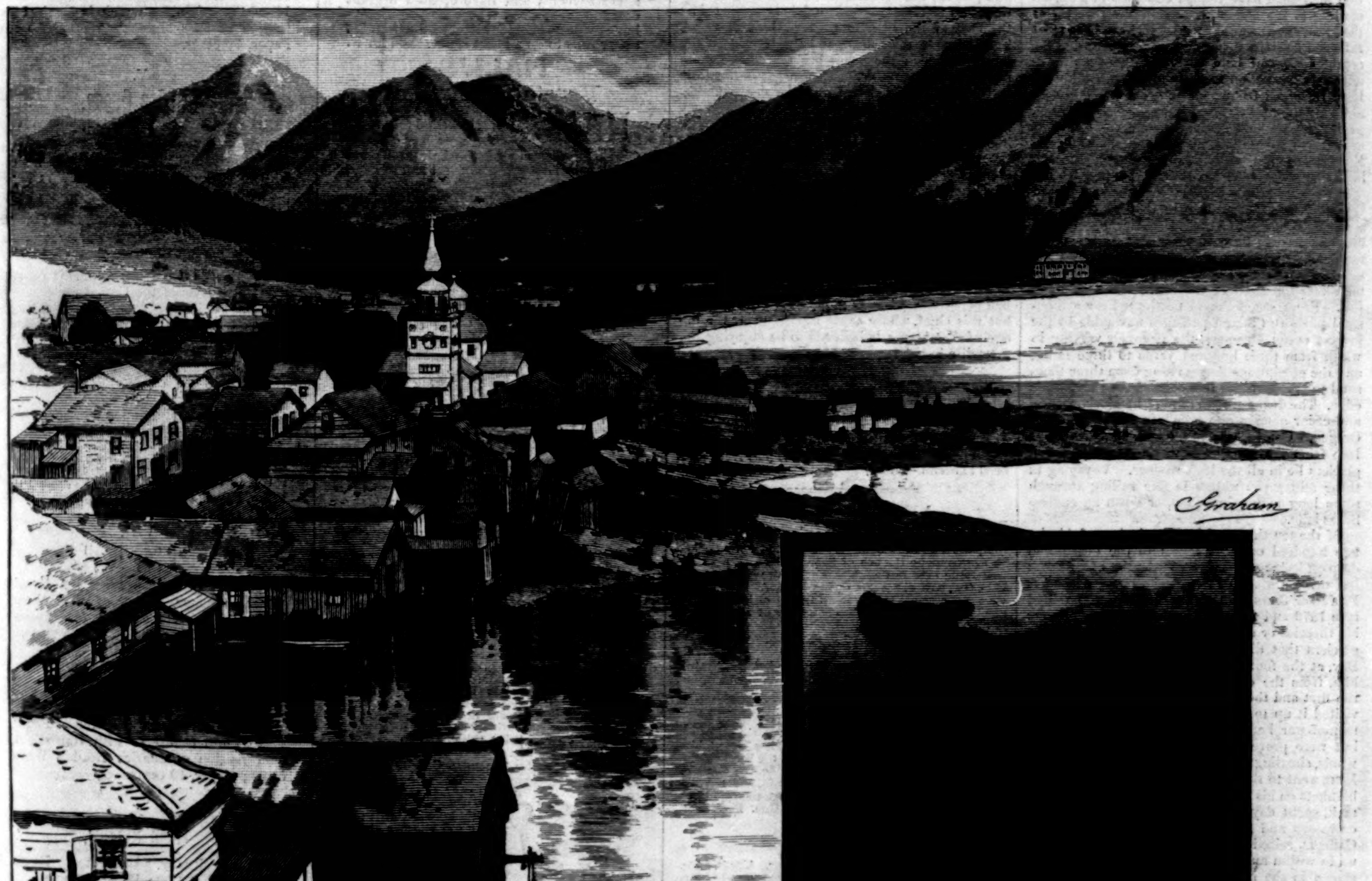
THE KNIGHT OF THE MONEY-BAG.



"THE IRON-WORKERS' NOON-TIME."—Engraved by F. Juengling from the Painting by Thomas Anshutz in the Thomas B. Clarke Collection.


The Muir Glacier


C. Graham
Sitka.

SKETCHES IN SOUTHERN ALASKA.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 572.]

SOUTHERN ALASKA.

On the 13th of May Congress made preparation for carrying out the provisions of the treaty ratified with Russia seventeen years ago, by which we became possessed of a vast empire on the northwest coast of America. During these years of United States ownership Alaska has been half forgotten, and more than neglected. Each year the people of the Pacific coast have petitioned, and the President in his annual messages to Congress has urged the necessity for establishing some form of civil government and protection to the inhabitants, as guaranteed in the treaty. Five years ago the troops were withdrawn, and the people found themselves at the mercy of the Indians, who, subdued by the strong rule of the Russians, and warned by the wholesome examples of British discipline across the border, had never had such license and opportunity before. The Collector of Customs at Sitka is the highest civil officer in Alaska, but, without a cutter or command, has no means to enforce his authority. Vain appeals were sent from Sitka as signs of hostility and an uprising on the part of the Indians became apparent, and as our navy and revenue marine refused to help them, a British man-of-war was dispatched from Victoria. It remained at Sitka for several weeks, until, in deference to Captain D'Acourt's representations, United States vessels were sent to protect our citizens. Since that time a man-of-war has been stationed at Sitka, with a detachment of marines on shore, and by frequent cruises through the archipelago some authority has been maintained over the Indians and lawless adventurers of the settlements.

With all these hinderances to its development and progress, Alaska has lately felt the farthest ripples of the great wave of development which has swept over the Northwest. The completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad has brought Sitka within twelve days of New York, and the monthly mail-steamer *Idaho* stops at sixteen settlements in Southern Alaska now, as against the four trading posts at which it called in 1879. An extra freight steamer runs during the summer months to carry the supplies for the mining towns and fish canneries. During the past year the placer mines and the few quartz mills in operation in Alaska have yielded $800,000 in gold, according to the official reports of the Director of the Mint, and the mining interests have been most retarded by the want of civil government and the establishment of land laws. Without a title or adequate protection to their property, capitalists have refrained from making great expenditures, and only the necessary assessment work and prospecting have been done on the claims on the great quartz ledges at Juneau and Sitka. Only the Russians whose titles to property were guaranteed in the treaty of 1857 have deeds for their land.

For scenery there is nothing in the rest of the United States comparable to that of the Alexander Archipelago or Southern Alaska. Eleven hundred islands lie between Mount St. Elias and the southern boundary line, and between their mountainous shores wind deep arms of the sea on which the swell of the outer ocean is never felt. From Puget Sound northward for a thousand miles run inland passages navigable by the largest ocean steamers, the channels varying in width from three hundred yards to three miles, and the precipitous shores rising from three thousand to six thousand feet sheer from the water's edge. The dense growth of pine, hemlock, spruce, and cedar amazes one even after the forests of Oregon. Cataracts from the melting snow-banks leap from the mountains to the sea, and living glaciers lie in all the high ravines. Voyaging in those still green waters is like sailing through some long mountain cañon, or down an endless Swiss lake.

Of the ten thousand known glaciers of Alaska two hundred or more flow into the ocean and drop off icebergs. The only scientist of note who has made a study of the glaciation of Alaska is Professor John Muir, of California, who visited it in 1879 and 1880, but has not yet made public his theories or discoveries. One of the six great glaciers that dip down and empty into Glacier Bay, at the foot of Mount Crilloy, is named for him, from the circumstance of his having been the first and the only white man known to have visited it up to last July. Revenue-cutters and men-of-war had gone to the mouth of the bay, but were prevented from exploring by adverse winds, shoaling waters, and floating bergs. John Muir went to the glacier in a canoe, and with his blankets on his back and his pockets full of hard-tack, spent days of scientific delight among its crevasses and moraines. Last summer Captain Carroll seized the propitious time and steamed up to within an eighth of a mile on the *Idaho*, as shown in the illustration, and cruised along the front of the icy cliffs, the lead giving soundings of eighty fathoms at that point. The Muir glacier presents a frontage of two miles at the "snout," where it breaks into the sea, and the icy wall, fretted and worn into a thousand fantastic shapes, rises five hundred feet and more from the water. Steep mountains and old moraines wall it on the sides. At low tide there is a continuous crack as fragments fall into the sea, and a thunder as of artillery when larger pieces detach themselves and go floating off to join the fleet of icebergs drifting with the tides up and down the bay. A subterranean river boils up midway on the front, and a muddy torrent emerges from the side of the glacier and pours down the ravine at the left. Access is had to the ice plain from that side, and as far as the eye can reach stretch the sloping miles of the ice river, with smaller glaciers pushing in from every ravine. Over the broken pinnacles one looks down upon the bay, and a hollow gurgle and roar come from the infinite depths of the ice world. In that high latitude the sun sets about ten o'clock, and the full rays falling on the front of the great glacier glorify the scene beyond all imagery.

Sitka, the capital of the new Territory, is a forlorn and moss-grown old place, but full of a certain picturesqueness and mute testimony to former grandeur in the good old Russian days. Its harbor is full of beautiful wooded islands, and Mount Edgecumbe, an extinct volcano, guards the shores, with its clearly defined crater rising eight thousand feet above the sea. Hundreds of Russians left at the time of the transfer of the possessions to the United States, and the policy of our government has discouraged all save the boldest traders from going there since. A ruinous old castle crowns the rocky eminence near the landing, but the home of the old Governors is stripped of its splendors, and occupied only by a valorous signal officer and the ghost of an unhappy Russian princess. The Russian Orthodox Church of St. Michael is the most noteworthy structure, with a green roof, a dome, and a bulging spire, in which hang a chime of six sweet-toned bells. The interior is decorated in white and gold, and a fine pair of open-work bronze gates lead to the inner sanctuary. The altars are rich in silver and ivory images of the saints, set with brilliants, and in paintings of the Madonna after the Byzantine school. Much of the plate and the richest vestments were taken to the Russian chapel at San Francisco by the bishop. The Rancherie, or Indian village, is at one side of the town, and is reached by a gateway through a heavy stockade wall. When the Indians are assembled in the winter, after the fishing season, they number about two thousand, while the white inhabitants are not more than four hundred.

At Fort Wrangell, at the mouth of the Stickeen River, there are grotesque totems by the houses and graves in the Indian village, many of them incrusted with moss and lichens, and hoary with age. These totems are not idols, and not connected with any religious ideas. They are rather the equivalent of a coat of arms, showing by their carvings of symbolical beasts the descent and alliances of their great families. These genealogical records or family trees give the descent by the mother's side, and the great families of the raven, the whale, the eagle, and the fox are closely connected, independent of tribal relations. The tall totems at the side of their houses are erected with great ceremonies, and the cost of the carved and painted cedar logs and the attendant festivities often reaches two thousand dollars, gauged by the cost of the blanket as their unit of value. They cremate their dead, and the totems on the boxes in which the ashes are placed are more picturesque than the tall poles, as the heraldic beasts are carved entire, and the dense undergrowth of ferns, grasses, and vines, and the myriad lichens, give them a fine artistic setting. The illustration represents the grave of a chief whose prowess entitled him to claim the totem of *Koostannee*, the whale. The cetacean looks most like a huge green alligator, with a row of formidable teeth showing in a very red mouth. An Indian's totem, like a nobleman's crest, is carved on all his household belongings, on his canoe, his pipe, his halibut club, and his spoons made from the horns of mountain-sheep and musk-ox and inlaid with bits of abalone shell. Their superstition gives a hell of ice to the bodies not burned in this world, but this chief, whose ashes repose under the image of *Koostannee*, is believed to be enjoying immortality in the happy fishing grounds.

Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,
FOR LEMONS OR LIME JUICE,
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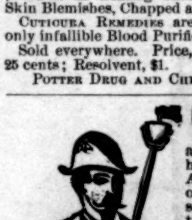

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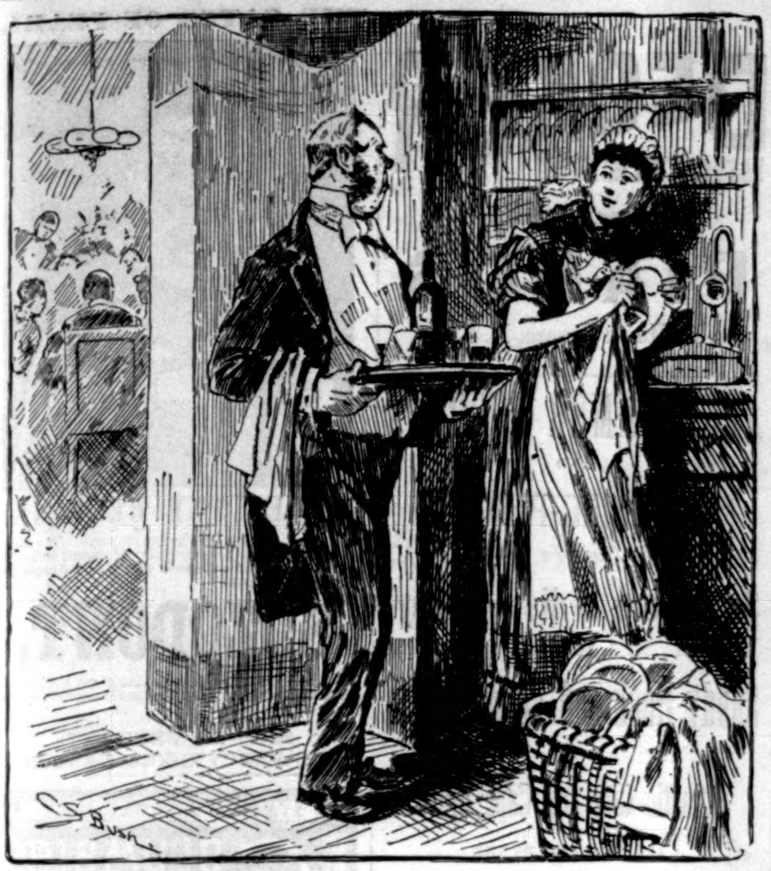

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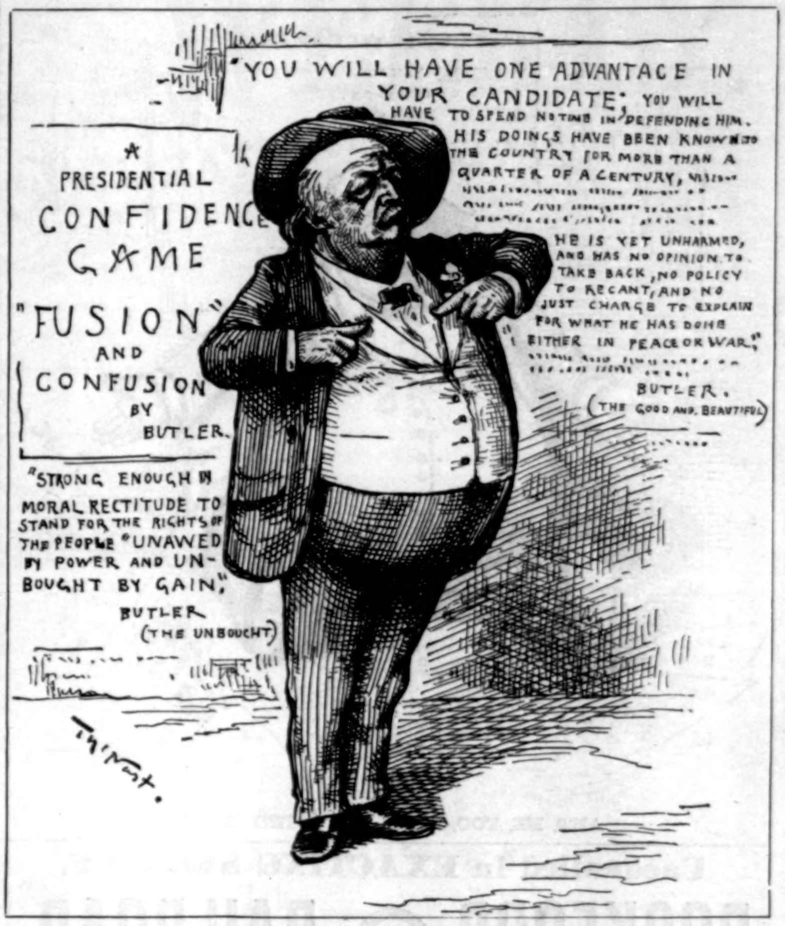

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SOUTHERN ALASKA.

On the 13th of May Congress made preparation for carrying out the provisions of the treaty ratified with Russia seventeen years ago, by which we became possessed of a vast empire on the northwest coast of America. During these years of United States ownership Alaska has been half forgotten, and more than neglected. Each year the people of the Pacific coast have petitioned, and the President in his annual messages to Congress has urged the necessity for establishing some form of civil government and protection to the inhabitants, as guaranteed in the treaty. Five years ago the troops were withdrawn, and the people found themselves at the mercy of the Indians, who, subdued by the strong rule of the Russians, and warned by the wholesome examples of British discipline across the border, had never had such license and opportunity before. The Collector of Customs at Sitka is the highest civil officer in Alaska, but, without a cutter or command, has no means to enforce his authority. Vain appeals were sent from Sitka as signs of hostility and an uprising on the part of the Indians became apparent, and as our navy and revenue marine refused to help them, a British man-of-war was dispatched from Victoria. It remained at Sitka for several weeks, until, in deference to Captain D'Acourt's representations, United States vessels were sent to protect our citizens. Since that time a man-of-war has been stationed at Sitka, with a detachment of marines on shore, and by frequent cruises through the archipelago some authority has been maintained over the Indians and lawless adventurers of the settlements.

With all these hinderances to its development and progress, Alaska has lately felt the farthest ripples of the great wave of development which has swept over the Northwest. The completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad has brought Sitka within twelve days of New York, and the monthly mail-steamer *Idaho* stops at sixteen settlements in Southern Alaska now, as against the four trading posts at which it called in 1879. An extra freight steamer runs during the summer months to carry the supplies for the mining towns and fish canneries. During the past year the placer mines and the few quartz mills in operation in Alaska have yielded $800,000 in gold, according to the official reports of the Director of the Mint, and the mining interests have been most retarded by the want of civil government and the establishment of land laws. Without a title or adequate protection to their property, capitalists have refrained from making great expenditures, and only the necessary assessment work and prospecting have been done on the claims on the great quartz ledges at Juneau and Sitka. Only the Russians whose titles to property were guaranteed in the treaty of 1857 have deeds for their land.

For scenery there is nothing in the rest of the United States comparable to that of the Alexander Archipelago or Southern Alaska. Eleven hundred islands lie between Mount St. Elias and the southern boundary line, and between their mountainous shores wind deep arms of the sea on which the swell of the outer ocean is never felt. From Puget Sound northward for a thousand miles run inland passages navigable by the largest ocean steamers,-the channels varying in width from three hundred yards to three miles, and the precipitous shores rising from three thousand to six thousand feet sheer from the water's edge. The dense growth of pine, hemlock, spruce, and cedar amazes one even after the forests of Oregon. Cataracts from the melting snow-banks leap from the mountains to the sea, and living glaciers lie in all the high ravines. Voyaging in those still green waters is like sailing through some long mountain cañon, or down an endless Swiss lake.

Of the ten thousand known glaciers of Alaska two hundred or more flow into the ocean and drop off icebergs. The only scientist of note who has made a study of the glaciation of Alaska is Professor John Muir, of California, who visited it in 1879 and 1880, but has not yet made public his theories or discoveries. One of the six great glaciers that dip down and empty into Glacier Bay, at the foot of Mount Crilloy, is named for him, from the circumstance of his having been the first and the only white man known to have visited it up to last July. Revenue-cutters and men-of-war had gone to the mouth of the bay, but were prevented from exploring by adverse winds, shoaling waters, and floating bergs. John Muir went to the glacier in a canoe, and with his blankets on his back and his pockets full of hard-tack, spent days of scientific delight among its crevasses and moraines. Last summer Captain Carroll seized the propitious time and steamed up to within an eighth of a mile on the *Idaho*, as shown in the illustration, and cruised along the front of the icy cliffs, the lead giving soundings of eighty fathoms at that point. The Muir glacier presents a frontage of two miles at the "snout," where it breaks into the sea, and the icy wall, fretted and worn into a thousand fantastic shapes, rises five hundred feet and more from the water. Steep mountains and old moraines wall it on the sides. At low tide there is a continuous crack as fragments fall into the sea, and a thunder as of artillery when larger pieces detach themselves and go floating off to join the fleet of icebergs drifting with the tides up and down the bay. A subterranean river boils up midway on the front, and a muddy torrent emerges from the side of the glacier and pours down the ravine at the left. Access is had to the ice plain from that side, and as far as the eye can reach stretch the sloping miles of the ice river, with smaller glaciers pushing in from every ravine. Over the broken pinnacles one looks down upon the bay, and a hollow gurgle and roar come from the infinite depths of the ice world. In that high latitude the sun sets about ten o'clock, and the full rays falling on the front of the great glacier glorify the scene beyond all imagery.

Sitka, the capital of the new Territory, is a forlorn and moss-grown old place, but full of a certain picturesqueness and mute testimony to former grandeur in the good old Russian days. Its harbor is full of beautiful wooded islands, and Mount Edgecumbe, an extinct volcano, guards the shores, with its clearly defined crater rising eight thousand feet above the sea. Hundreds of Russians left at the time of the transfer of the possessions to the United States, and the policy of our government has discouraged all save the boldest traders from going there since. A ruinous old castle crowns the rocky eminence near the landing, but the home of the old Governors is stripped of its splendors, and occupied only by a valorous signal officer and the ghost of an unhappy Russian princess. The Russian Orthodox Church of St. Michael is the most noteworthy structure, with a green roof, a dome, and a bulging spire, in which hang a chime of six sweet-toned bells. The interior is decorated in white and gold, and a fine pair of open-work bronze gates lead to the inner sanctuary. The altars are rich in silver and ivory images of the saints, set with brilliants, and in paintings of the Madonna after the Byzantine school. Much of the plate and the richest vestments were taken to the Russian chapel at San Francisco by the bishop. The Rancherie, or Indian village, is at one side of the town, and is reached by a gateway through a heavy stockade wall. When the Indians are assembled in the winter, after the fishing season, they number about two thousand, while the white inhabitants are not more than four hundred.

At Fort Wrangell, at the mouth of the Stickeen River, there are grotesque totems by the houses and graves in the Indian village, many of them incrusted with moss and lichens, and hoary with age. These totems are not idols, and not connected with any religious ideas. They are rather the equivalent of a coat of arms, showing by their carvings of symbolical beasts the descent and alliances of their great families. These genealogical records or family trees give the descent by the mother's side, and the great families of the raven, the whale, the eagle, and the fox are closely connected, independent of tribal relations. The tall totems at the side of their houses are erected with great ceremonies, and the cost of the carved and painted cedar logs and the attendant festivities often reaches two thousand dollars, gauged by the cost of the blanket as their unit of value. They cremate their dead, and the totems on the boxes in which the ashes are placed are more picturesque than the tall poles, as the heraldic beasts are carved entire, and the dense undergrowth of ferns, grasses, and vines, and the myriad lichens, give them a fine artistic setting. The illustration represents the grave of a chief whose prowess entitled him to claim the totem of *Koostannee*, the whale. The cetacean looks most like a huge green alligator, with a row of formidable teeth showing in a very red mouth. An Indian's totem, like a nobleman's crest, is carved on all his household belongings, on his canoe, his pipe, his halibut club, and his spoons made from the horns of mountain-sheep and musk-ox and inlaid with bits of abalone shell. Their superstition gives a hell of ice to the bodies not burned in this world, but this chief, whose ashes repose under the image of *Koostannee*, is believed to be enjoying immortality in the happy fishing grounds.

Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,
FOR LEMONS OR LIME JUICE,
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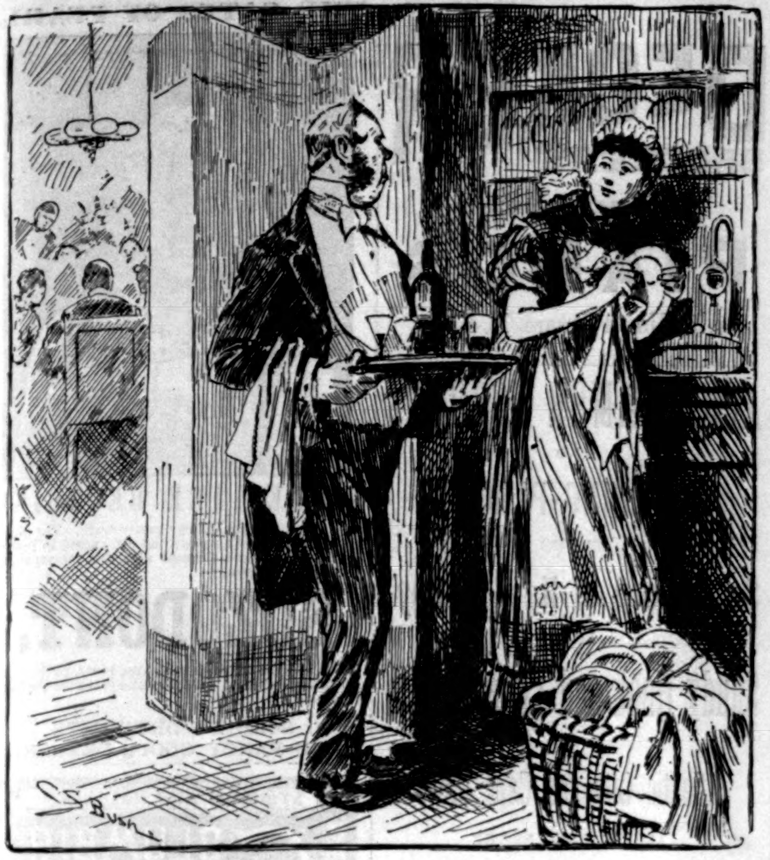

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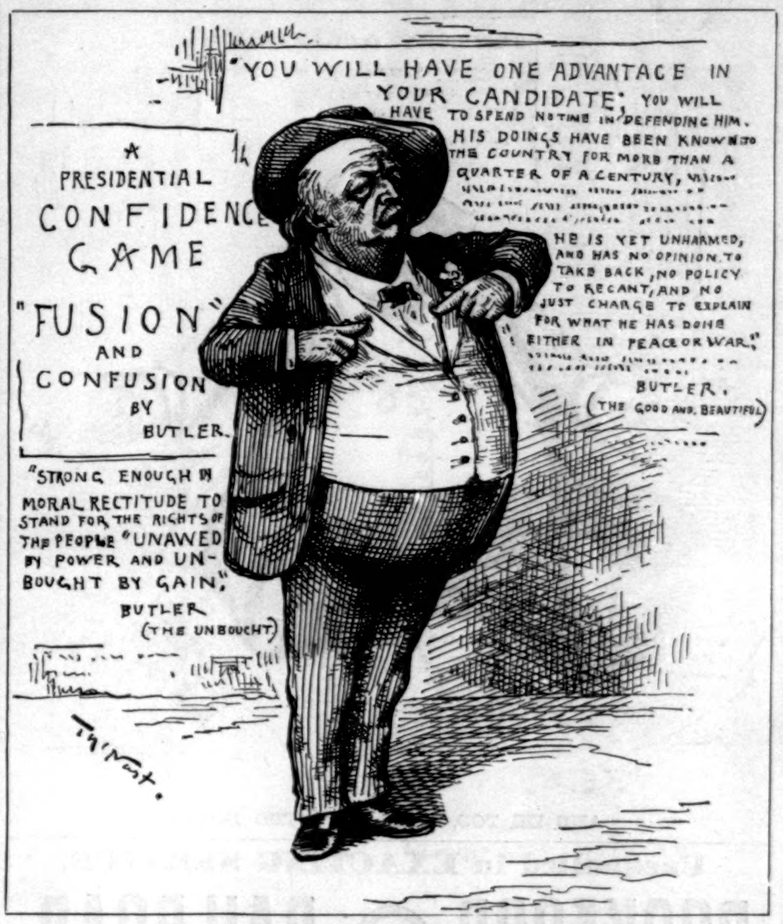
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